

The Grail

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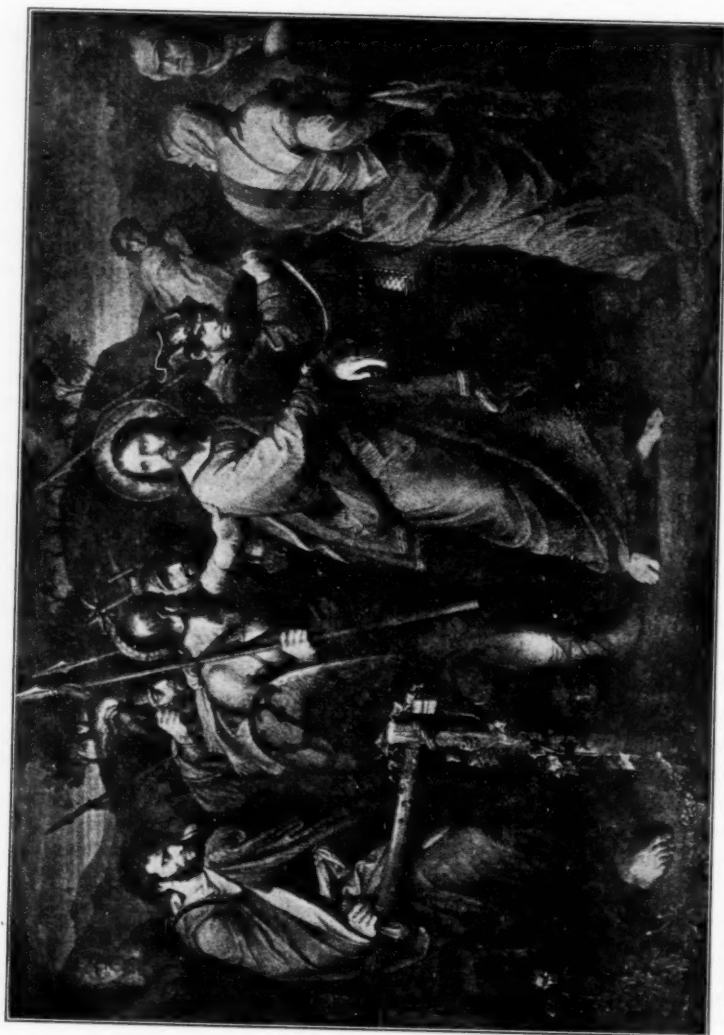
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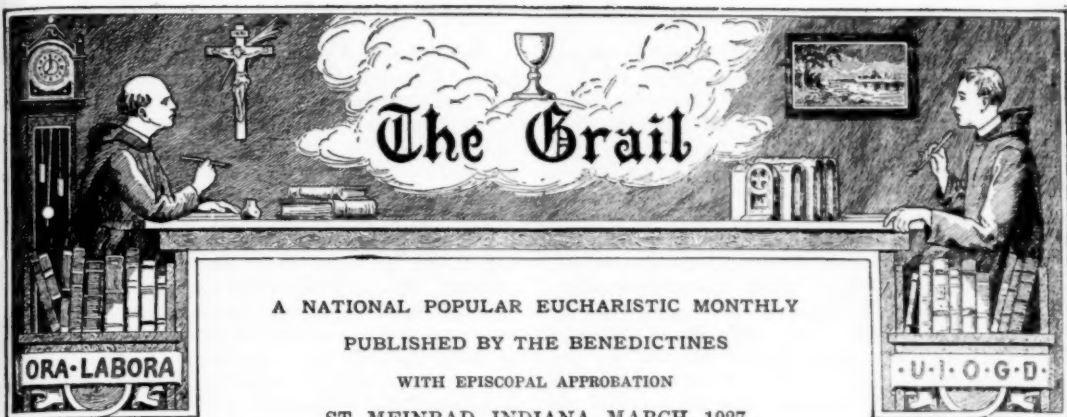
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After Judas had betrayed Him with a kiss, "then the band (of soldiers) and the tribune, and the servants of the Jews, took Jesus and bound Him, and they led Him away."—John 18:12,13.



Official Organ of the INTERNATIONAL EUCHARISTIC LEAGUE FOR THE UNION OF CHRISTENDOM

March

Oft has it been said that time is fleeting. Christmas has scarcely passed when the glory of the Resurrection at Easter looms up before us. Spring and summer skip swiftly o'er the hills and Christmas comes again amazingly soon. The whole year is thus an extended march—of time, of seasons, and events. It will always be thus till time is swallowed up in eternity.

THE MONTH OF ST. JOSEPH

The month of March is dedicated to St. Joseph, foster father of Jesus and patron of the universal Church. Blissful was the passing of Joseph from time to eternity. What death chamber could be more blessed than to have the presence of Jesus and the ministrations of Mary! St. Joseph is not only the patron of the Church in general, but of each individual particularly at the supreme moment—when the soul is about to appear before the judgment seat of God to render an accurate account of its stewardship. Happy they who in life invoke the aid of St. Joseph and are blessed with his presence at that most solemn moment when the just Judge will pronounce the sentence of life eternal, or—never-ending death. An angel in white, though invisible, will be at hand to conduct the soul to paradise, but a black angel, keeper of the dungeon in the dismal abyss, will also be near, ready to execute an unfavorable judgment.

ST. BENEDICT PATRON OF THE DYING

Another patron of a happy death, whose feast likewise falls in March, is the great St. Benedict, founder of the Order that bears his name. It is a pious belief that those who frequently remind St. Benedict of his happy death, (which took place in the oratory in the arms of his brethren after he had been nourished with the Body and Blood of the Lord), will have him as their powerful intercessor in this hour of their greatest need. The Church has granted indulgences to several prayers

in honor of St. Benedict for a happy death. We append the following:

ANTIPHON: Benedict, the beloved of the Lord, standing in the oratory, fortified with the Body and Blood of the Lord, supporting his failing limbs in the arms of his disciples, with hands upraised to heaven, having breathed forth his soul with a prayer on his lips, was seen ascending to heaven on a path spread with garments and shining with innumerable lamps.

V. Thou didst appear glorious in the sight of the Lord.

R. Therefore did He clothe thee with beauty.

LET US PRAY: O God, who didst adorn the precious death of our holy Father, St. Benedict, with so many and such great privileges, grant, we beseech Thee, that, at our departure hence, we may be defended from the snares of the enemy by the blessed presence of him whose memory we celebrate. Through Christ Our Lord. Amen.

(For the recital of this prayer Pope Leo XIII granted an indulgence of 100 days to be gained once a day by those who wear the medal of St. Benedict. A plenary indulgence may be gained if it is said on the nine days preceding the feast, March 21.)

MARCH A LENTEN MONTH

Remember, man, that thou art dust and unto dust thou shalt return, are the words spoken in the name of the Church by the priest who sprinkles ashes upon our heads before Mass on Ash Wednesday. Each year we hear the selfsame admonition—life is short, death is inevitable; hence, the doing of penance to atone for the shortcomings of the present life should not be put off. How comparatively few there are that take this warning to heart. Yet, how necessary it is in these days of modern inventions, which so often prove death-dealing instruments. One leaves home hale and hearty and within a short hour he is brought back a lifeless form. We know not at what instant our turn may come. It is well for us, then, to perform some voluntary penances

and mortifications during Lent, which is kept in memory of the forty days that Our Divine Savior spent in prayer and fasting in the desert. The body that is pampered now will soon be but a handful of dust—"and unto dust thou shalt return."

The spirit of Lent is penance. The Church imposes fasting and other penitential works upon her loyal subjects. Mitigation of the prescribed fast is made known from every pulpit. The inflicting of corporal penances, however, without correcting one's vices, will have but little merit, if any at all. There are bad habits to be laid aside, passions to be conquered, unruly appetites to be brought under subjection, temptations to be overcome; then there are the eyes and the ears to be guarded more carefully and an ungovernable tongue to be tamed. Besides overcoming vices, one must also acquire virtues. Temperance in food and drink is opposed to gluttony; anger is to be subdued by meekness, humility, and patience; charity is offended by word and deed. In the spirit of penance, too, amusements should be avoided in Lent. More time ought to be applied to prayer at home and at church. Go to Mass, if you can, every day, and receive Holy Communion as often as possible. We possess no more powerful means with which to prepare ourselves for a happy Easter and a happy eternity. Use these means faithfully to make sure of your salvation. God made you without your cooperation, but without our cooperation He will not save you. After all, but one thing is absolutely necessary. See that you secure it for yourself. Life on earth is a warfare, let us take up the arms of penance and battle manfully, God will give us the victory.

Guarding the Scattered Flock

Where a diocese is scarcely settled with Catholics, it is not easy to minister to all the faithful therein. Nearly every diocese has the same obstacles to contend with. Various plans have been evolved for meeting these difficulties. Diocesan missionary bands of secular clergy, which have been formed in many places, are accomplishing much good. The most satisfactory results (effected by these missionary bands) that have come under our notice are those in the Diocese of Lead, South Dakota.

Another plan, which has not yet been so widely adopted as the former, is known as the "Lapeer Plan." This plan came into existence at Lapeer, Michigan, when Mgr. F. C. Kelley, who was later founder of the Catholic Church Extension Society, and is now Bishop of Oklahoma, was pastor there. In Oklahoma this plan is in active operation under the direction of its energetic Bishop. Bishop Morris, of Little Rock, his neighbor to the East, has also adopted the same plan, which, *The Guardian* says, has worked admirably. The Diocese of Little Rock covers 50,000 square miles. The total population is 2,000,000, and of these less than 26,000 are Catholics.

The principal idea of the Lapeer Plan, according to *The Guardian*, is the intensive working of Catholic missions from a central house where several priests live. The surrounding territory is divided into districts, each

of which is served by one of the priests at the central house. Thus the people are given the maximum opportunity of attending church services, of receiving the sacraments, and of being benefited by other priestly ministrations. By living a sort of community life, the priests fare better and have more of the comforts of a home. Two days each week they are at home.

Little Rock now has three of these mission centers. By his missionary program it is the purpose of Bishop Morris (1) to reach every baptized Catholic in the diocese; (2) to reach every Catholic child with instruction in the catechism, through personal contact with teachers, if possible, and where this is impossible, to reach the little ones with lessons and instructions through correspondence courses; (3) to reach as many as possible of our separated brethren with a clear-cut statement of Catholic truth, inviting them to consider the beauty and wealth of Catholic teachings, and to see the Spouse of Christ as she is, and not as her enemies have misrepresented her to be. May the Bishop of Little Rock live to reap the fruits of these labors, and may the harvest be abundant.

An aid to all missionary effort, for the laity in general, is the International Eucharistic League, which has for its grand purpose (1) harmony and unity among all the Catholics of the whole world, (2) the return to the Church of all our separated brethren, (3) the conversion of all non-Christians. All that is required is a brief daily offering of all the Masses and Communion of the whole world for this intention, and an occasional Mass attended and Holy Communion received. No fees or dues are required, no collections are taken up. For certificate of membership, write the editor of THE GRAIL.

Steps to the Altar

DOM HUGH G. BEVENOT, O. S. B., B. A.

3. Agnus Dei

Of all the gifts of Christmastide

One book, with pictures large and bright,
Most filled the child with keen delight
And so it never left his side.

He saw therein Our Lady smile

Clasping Her Jesu-Child around;
And John-the-Baptist, too, he found,
Stroking a little lamb the while.

"Oh, Mother! who would care to play
With lambs when Jesus is so near?

That little John is very queer,
To spend his time in such a way!"—

"The picture only means to say
John preached the Lamb of God was here,
Who loved us so, He did not fear
To die and wash our sins away.

"Now we must go the way He trod,
And be quite loving, brave and true;
And if you try to be so, too,
You'll be my little lamb of God."

The Left Fielder

Some Signs and Trade-marks of a Call to the Cloister

ANSELM SCHAAF, O. S. B.

THE fifth inning was over. Some of the basemen were passing ball; other players were lounging on the grass; still others were engaged in heated discussions.

"Bully for you, John!" came an encouraging shout from one of the loungers.

"Be sure to repeat that stunt next time!" cried another.

"Let's take up a collection for the umpire!" sneered a third. "The poor boob needs a pair specs."

At this juncture Father Gilbert happened along.

"Good afternoon, Father!" greeted the boys in unison.

Having inquired about the progress of the game, and expressing the desire to see them all at the rectory, Father Gilbert passed on.

Wondering, the boys looked at each other.

"He doesn't mean me," snapped Frank Adams.

"I can't go," whined Jack Foster, "I hurt my leg."

"And I haven't time," spoke up Larry Clark, who conveniently recalled that he had an errand to run for his mother.

"Surely he doesn't want to break up our ball game," growled Harry Dye, a lank, cynic-faced fellow.

The inning was called and the game went on. But there was Joey Hern—everyone knew how conscientious Joey was. "Here, Jack," he called. "You take left field. I am going to see what Father Gilbert wants."

Off trotted the dutiful lad, who was soon at Father Gilbert's door. "Did you call me, Father?"

"Yes, Joey, I invited all of you, but you seem to be the only one

of the whole crowd that heard my voice."

"They all heard you, Father. Some of them were really eager to come, but they didn't like to break up the game. Others were afraid that Harry Dye would 'bawl them out' for working a 'pull' with you. But to be fair, Father, not all could have come, even if they had wanted to. Gene Tunney sprained his ankle and Larry Clark had to go to the store for his mother."

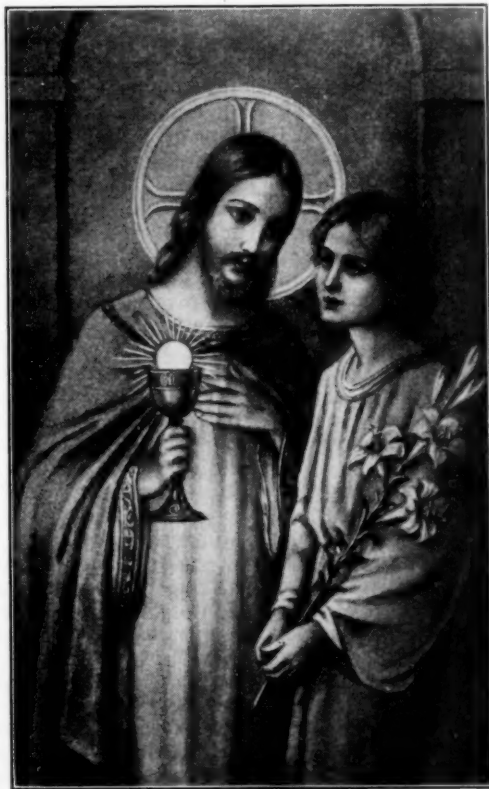
"Well," replied Father Gilbert, "what I really wanted was to have you meet Father Benignus, who is here looking for promising boys and holding out to them a bright future. He is offering a splendid opportunity to those that want to take advantage of it."

"But see," mused Father Gilbert, "that very ball game in which you were engaged presents

a pretty accurate picture of the world. It shows how the youth of the world respond to the calls of Christ Himself. How often the Blessed Savior passes the ball diamond of this world as He once passed St. John and his two disciples. These three stopped and looked. It was the time when St. John said the memorable words that have since been repeated so frequently in the liturgy of the Church: 'Behold the Lamb of God.'

"That was in our Bible History lesson the other day, Father."

"You will remember, then, that St. John pointed to Our Savior when he uttered those words. The two disciples were greatly taken by Our Savior. Now, when you like someone, you are eager to be with him. So they began to follow Christ, and He turned to inquire of them what they wanted. 'Rabbi,' which means 'Master,'



MY CHILD, GIVE ME THY HEART

they addressed Him, 'where dwellest Thou?' Oh, how kind the good Master was to them. 'Come and see,' He answered. Come with Me and find out. You are perfectly welcome. Accepting the invitation, they remained with Him the rest of the day. They were so happy, indeed, that Andrew, who was one of the two, looked for his brother Simon in order to bring him also to Jesus. Simon, as you remember, was later known as Peter, the chief of the Apostles. Philip was the next to be invited to follow the Savior. Then Philip looked for Nathanael and coaxed him to come to Jesus too. At first Nathanael objected because he heard that Jesus came from a little town in Nazareth. It was a proverb among the Jews that nothing good could come from Nazareth. But Philip urged him to 'come and see' for himself. Yielding at last, he was captivated by the winning ways of the Savior."

"I wish I could have been one of the apostles," spoke up Joey. "How fine it would have been to spend a day with Our Lord like St. Andrew and the others. It's no wonder he called his friends to come to Jesus."

"It's not yet too late, Joey, to be of the number of the privileged few who are called to the intimate friendship of Jesus. Religious—priests, brothers, and sisters—have this great privilege. Generally they live under the same roof with Our Savior, Who is present in the Holy Eucharist in their chapels. To those who have a vocation to the religious life the Savior says, at least in effect, as He did of old, 'Come, follow Me.' Those, then, who are called, are invited to spend not one day only but the rest of their lives in His company. Furthermore, He says to them: 'Come and see.'"

"But, Father, the disciples were men, and I am only a boy, and much too young to be called to keep Him company."

"You are mistaken, for there is no age limit. The Church requires that the postulant or candidate for the religious life be fifteen years old when he enters the novitiate. St. Aloysius and St. Stanislaus, and the majority of religious were, and are, called in their early years. St. Arsenius, however, was an old man when he heard the words: 'Flee the company of men and thou shalt live.' Last fall the newspapers chronicled the death of Count Dominic de Grunne, a Benedictine monk and priest of Maredsous Abbey in Belgium, who had previously been married to the daughter of the famous orator and statesman, Montalembert. His wife having died some years earlier, Count de Grunne, who had been a general in the World War, entered the Order of St. Benedict and at the age of 72 consecrated himself to God by the religious vows. In May, 1923, he was ordained to the priesthood in the presence of his children and

grandchildren. Other men, too, advanced in age have become religious and priests since the war. Last year an archbishop of Lithuania was, at the age of 65, permitted by the Holy Father to resign his see of Samagitia and to join the Marian Fathers. This was Archbishop F. Karevicius."

"I am glad to hear that I am not too young. Do you think I really have vocation, Father?"

"You said a while ago you wished that you could have been invited like St. Andrew and his companions for a day's visit with Our Lord. If you have the wish to-day that He call you to remain close to Him for the remainder of your life, you have a vocation, provided you are fit for the religious life and are not held back by any necessary bond to the world."

"How am I to find out whether I am fit?"

"To be fit there are several requirements, of which the first is health; then, sufficient talents in those who are to prepare for the priesthood. Besides these, one must also have a suitable disposition. It has been well said that a call to the religious life presupposes good health, good sense, and a good will."

"A little while ago you excused Gene Tunney's coming with you because of a sprained ankle. He was physically prevented from heeding my invitation—health was wanting. So there are many others who are physically unable to fulfill the duties of the religious life. Therefore, they have no vocation. But as to talent, if there is question of the priesthood, one should have at least a moderate measure of mental gifts. In case of the brotherhood, we must distinguish between teaching brothers and lay brothers. The postulant for the teaching brotherhood must necessarily have sufficient talent to enable him to become a capable instructor of the young. On the other hand, while every talent that the postulant for the lay brotherhood possesses can be put to good use, great intellectual endowments are not essential for the performance of his ordinary daily tasks. Lay brothers, as you know, are those religious of the various orders who assist the priests of their respective communities by performing the domestic services of the community, and by plying the necessary trades. Although they take the humble position of Mary and Martha at the feet of Jesus—in prayer and serving—yet they are truly religious and form an essential part of the communities in which they are found. Without these lay brothers the community could not well perform its God-given task nor preserve its religious spirit. To sum up, then, I might say that men with practical common sense, who are religiously inclined, and desire to serve God as lay brothers in a religious order, will be most

heartily welcomed into the ranks of every community. Our country and time seem not to be blessed with many vocations to the lay brotherhood as is the case in other lands. With us this lack of attraction to the lay brotherhood is due in great measure, no doubt, to want of information and proper instruction. One is not easily drawn to a good of which he is ignorant.

"A word remains with respect to disposition. Of course one who is cranky will not get along well anywhere. Disposition presupposes such qualities as make the subject suitable for community life. The ability to 'fit in' with others offers solid hope for the perseverance of the postulant."

"You also said something about one's being held to the world by a necessary bond."

"Yes, and to make it clear I need but remind you of the remark you made about Larry Clark's having to run on an errand. His mother really needed him for the time being. So it may happen that a boy, especially when he is the only child, may have to support his parents. If they cannot get along without his aid, he has no vocation so long as this need lasts, no matter how strong is his desire to go. To him Our Savior says: 'Come as soon as you can.' However, the need must not be imaginary. It is not always to be supposed, therefore, that, because some of the other children want to marry, the one who feels called to the religious state must, on that account, either forego, or postpone, his own vocation. Among other necessary impediments that prevent one from entering religion are debts, public office, and the marriage bond."

"But now, Father, after all that you have said, how can I tell for certain that I have a vocation?"

"Well, you seem to have the three signs of a true vocation. There are no impediments to prevent you, apparently you are fit, and you say that you are firmly resolved with the help of God to serve Him in the religious state. Of course, I can judge from external appearances only. Therefore, I feel justified in thinking that you will be accepted by the religious superiors, and that you will happily persevere in that state. Our Savior did not require more of the young man in the Gospel. You recall how this young man approached Christ, saying: 'Good Master, what shall I do that I may have life everlasting?' Christ answered him, 'if thou wilt enter life, keep the commandments.' When the youth assured Jesus that he had observed the precepts from his youth, Jesus, *looking on him, loved him*, and seeing his fitness for a more perfect life, He went a step further and encouraged him with the words: 'If thou *wilt* be perfect, go sell what thou hast, give to the poor, and thou shalt have a treasure in heaven;

and come and follow me.' St. Francis de Sales, too, says: 'A real vocation is nothing else than a firm and constant purpose which a person has to serve God in the manner and the place to which God calls him. That is the best possible mark of a real vocation.'"

"But, Father, I thought one should be drawn by a strong inclination towards the religious life."

"Not necessarily. Such an impulse is a grace, but it is not essential. A mere cold resolution, following a conviction that the religious life is the better for you, manifests your will and God's grace sufficiently. Nay, young people at times try to fight this conviction. Their inclination is momentarily turned away from the religious life. They enjoy the world and its pleasures for the time being, but in their better moments that same conviction haunts them until they surrender."

"Father, suppose my conviction or even my resolution does not come from God?"

"Don't worry. Listen to St. Thomas: 'No matter from what source our resolution of entering religious life comes, it is from God.' Of course, St. Thomas wants his words taken in the sense in which the learned Lessius expresses himself: 'If any one takes the determination of becoming a religious, well resolved to observe the laws and duties involved, there is no doubt that this resolution, this vocation, comes from God, whatever the circumstances may be which seem to have produced it.' Likewise the great Suarez teaches that 'generally the desire for religious life is from the the Holy Ghost and we ought to receive it as such.' This is the case certainly if the resolution is firm and based on higher motives. But often a resolution, at first built on imperfect motives, can be elevated to a loftier plane. Thus we read of Blessed Peter Gonzales that when he was in the limelight of the world, his horse having one day thrown him into the mire, and the bystanders having derided him for his unsightly appearance, he swore revenge against a world that dealt out such ungracious treatment to its clients. But he soon gave his motives a more supernatural trend and in the course of time became a great saint as priest and religious."

"God has various ways of expressing His initial call: some feel it on reading a spiritual book; others notice a tugging at their heart after Holy Communion; others hear a gentle whisper during a retreat; others have their eyes opened at the sight of an exemplary religious; others begin to experience a great void and a longing for an indefinable something; others acquire a disgust for the things of the world; others are prompted to do something great for God; others, seeing the countless dangers sur-

(Continued on page 508)

The Benedictines

LEON A. MCNEILL

THE history of the Order of St. Benedict, at least in its broad outlines, is well known to those who lay any claim to an accurate knowledge of past ages. All are familiar with the chaotic condition of the civilized world at the end of the fifth century, when the old Roman Empire was fast crumbling into ruins, and all the glory of Rome, the proud mistress of the earth, was being overwhelmed in a deluge of migrating barbarian hordes. The private lives of men were filled with licentious indulgence. Public order had given way to universal confusion. Even the cloak of the spotless bride of Christ, the Catholic Church, had become sullied by the stain of heresy and schism. "Confusion, corruption, despair, and death were everywhere," writes Montalembert. At this crisis in the affairs of men appeared the holy Patriarch St. Benedict to found a new monastic order, which was destined to save the best elements of the dying civilization and to mould a new Christian civilization from the raw material of the rude barbarians. St. Benedict was born in the year 480, and died March 21, 543, at the celebrated Abbey of Monte Cassino, which became the center whence his rule and institute spread. By the end of the century his sons were well established in Italy, one of his most illustrious followers had mounted the Papal throne as Gregory I (590-604), and the zealous St. Augustine had led a band of forty monks to Great Britain to reintroduce the faith which had been almost completely wiped out by the Jutes, Angles, and Saxons. From England in the course of the seventh and eighth centuries Benedictine Apostles like St. Boniface (680-755) and St. Willibrord (658-738) went over

to the continent to establish their monasteries in Germany, Hungary, Denmark, Sweden, Iceland, and all through the north of Europe, converting this vast territory and making it participate in the religious and cultural glory of the Ages of Faith. The monks not only converted the yet untouched regions of the continent but also brought about the reform of the disrupted Frankish Church. The rule of St. Benedict gradually superseded every other rule in the Western Church so that through the Middle Ages Western Monasticism and the Order of St. Benedict became synonymous terms.

Well known, too, is the story of the decline of Western Monastic Life during the new barbarian scourges of the latter half of the eighth and of the ninth centuries,—the invasion of the Moors, the Saracens, the Danes, and the Normans. The ensuing reform of the discipline and the revival of the monastic life continued up to the fourteenth century, when the gathering clouds of disorder, which were to break on Europe at the time of the Reformation, began also to envelop and to deaden the vitality of the monasteries. The terrors of the Reformation, with the prolonged reign of bloodshed and persecution, which reached its climax at the time of the French Revolution, almost wiped out the Benedictine Order. At the opening of the nineteenth century the thousands of cowed, black-robed monks had dwindled to a mere handful and the great monastic institutions, which had once throbbled with the reverent footfalls of busy religious and echoed with the majestic chant of divine praise, lay shrouded in a pall of forbidding stillness. Followed then the astounding revival of the past hundred years, which



St. Benedict, in the holy cave at Subiaco, contemplating divine things

has seen the Order grow into an army of over eight thousand men, once more singing the praises of God in monasteries spread throughout the world and carrying on the nobled and varied mission entrusted to their charge. In this number we embrace only the so-called "black monks" of the fifteen federated Congregations, whose Abbot-Primate is Dom Fidelis von Stotzingen. Besides these there are over 5,000 Trappists, Sylvestrines, Olivetans, Melchitarists, and more than 15,000 nuns following the rule of St. Benedict.

We have thus briefly touched upon the history of the Benedictine Order to furnish background for some understanding of Benedictines as they exist to-day and of the Providential rôle which they are

now playing in the life of the Catholic Church. Although the history of the Monks of the West is so interwoven with the general history of the Church that the story of their past is familiar to many, at least in its rough outline, there is, nevertheless, little acquaintance with the true character of the monastic life and less appreciation of the solid accomplishments of Benedictine monks in our modern era. This is largely due to the seclusion characteristic of the Benedictines, who usually seek out the solitudes for the establishment of their houses; secondly, it may be attributed to the fact that the work of the monasteries is patient and unpretentious, performed with no attempt at display of any kind; and, thirdly, to the fact that perhaps the chief work of the Sons of St. Benedict is the singing of the divine praises, and worldly people are apt to overlook and disparage the value of things spiritual. But even granting that many are acquainted with the true character of monastic life and have a genuine appreciation for the solid and fruitful labor of the monks in their individual monasteries, there are, we dare say, few who have any reasonable apprehension of the external projects, of immediate importance to the

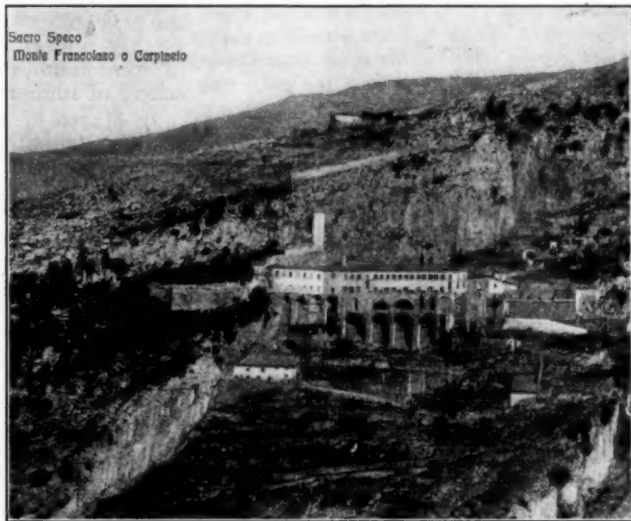
Church as a whole, which are being carried on by the Benedictines in our day.

Five of these tasks are especially worthy of our attention. They are the reform of the Gregorian Chant, the revision of the Latin Vulgate, the foundation of the Catholic University of Peking, the conversion of the Russian Schismatics, and the Liturgical Apostolate. For the present we shall devote a brief paragraph to each of these projects, hoping to enlarge upon their treatment in future essays.

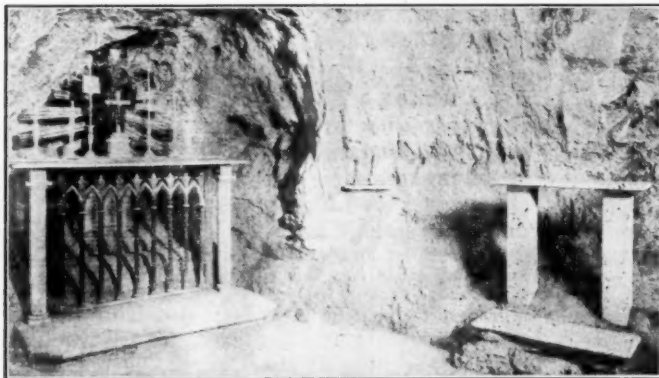
When Pope Pius X in 1904 decided upon the publication of an authentic Vatican Edition of the plain chants of the Church, he entrusted the work of establishing the traditional Gregorian music to

the monks of the Abbey of Solesmes, near Sablé, France, Dom Prosper Guéranger, Abbot of Solesmes from 1837 until his death in 1875, had labored for years to restore the old time chants at Solesmes. Dom Pothier, who had worked under the direction of Abbot Guéranger, became after the latter's death the leading figure in the collation of the ancient liturgical manuscripts; but his successor, Dom

Mocquereau, is the one who brought the work to perfection. With a staff of monks at his disposal, he had thousands of photographic copies made of the ancient manuscripts, all of which were carefully compared in the study at Solesmes. Proceeding according to the principles of strictest critical scholarship, and using the rule, that, "when manuscripts of different periods and places agree on a version, it can be affirmed that the traditional Gregorian text has been discovered," the authentic plain chant text was gradually determined. It is supported by such extensive and accurate research and by such ordered critical apparatus that its authority is for the most part unquestioned. The approved Vatican editions of the Chant are the result of these labors. Dom Mocquereau is still alive and, with his critical school, is engaged



*Ancient Abbey of Sacro Speco
Built over the cave that sheltered St. Benedict at Subiaco*



Sacro Speco (the holy cave), an almost inaccessible place high up on the mountain side at Subiaco, some thirty miles from Rome, where St. Benedict began his life of prayer. There in solitude the holy youth spent three years unknown to anyone except to the monk Roman, who came occasionally to let down in a basket from over the projecting ledge a bit of bread for his nourishment

in the preparation of a revised monastic anthology.

In 1907 the Benedictines, through their Abbot Primate, were asked to undertake revision of the Latin Vulgate in order to establish the authentic text of St. Jerome. The Rt. Rev. Abbot Aidan Gasquet, (Cardinal since May 25, 1914), was appointed President of the Pontifical Commission. During the past twenty years this Commission has carried on a work of research and detailed critical study, perhaps unparalleled in the history of the world. The old libraries of Europe were visited and photographic copies made of all Biblical codices antedating the ninth century. The various texts are being carefully compared with the received Clementine Vulgate and the authority of every word and form is being established according to the testimony of the most reliable codices. In June of 1926, the revised text of Genesis, the first book of the Old Testament, together with the critical apparatus upon which its reading is based, was presented to Pope Pius XI. The other books of the Bible will follow from time to time, and the finished revision will be an accomplishment of invaluable consequence to the Church.

On August 7, 1925, the Archabbey of St. Vincent, at Beatty, Pennsylvania, by urgent solicitation of the Holy See, and with promise of moral and physical support from the other Abbeys of the American Cassinese Congregation, undertook the foundation of a Catholic University at Peking,

China. Dr. G. B. O'Toole, an Oblate of the Order, was appointed Rector of the University, and he along with several Benedictine Fathers were dispatched to the Orient to open the University. The Ducal Palace and grounds of Prince Tsai T'ao, an eleven-acre tract with large buildings and beautiful garden, were purchased in March of 1925. In October of that same year, the MacManus Academy of Chinese Studies opened with an attendance of twenty-three students. This is to be a preparatory school for the University. Those who are acquainted with the chaotic social condition of China, and who have some idea of the psychology of mission work, will readily understand the importance of the foundation of a Catholic school of higher studies in China.

In March of 1925, Pope Pius XI, in a letter to Abbot-Primate Fidelis von Stotzingen called upon the Benedictines to prepare in a special manner for the conversion of the Russian Schismatics. A monastery has been established at Amai in Belgium under the direction of the Rt. Rev. Abbot of Mont César at Louvain. In this new foundation some dozen priests and seven or eight novices have adopted the Oriental Liturgy, and are devoting themselves to a study of the Russian people, their peculiar psychology, history, liturgy, attitude toward reunion, etc., and as soon as some semblance of order resolves itself out of the present social upheaval, these trained sons of St. Benedict will enter Russia. The similarity of their dress and mode of life to that of the Russian Basilian monks will probably obtain for them a favorable reception from the people. They will found monasteries in Russia and endeavor not only to win the poor

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*Cave with youthful Benedict at prayer
Grotto in S. Meinrad Abbey Church*

Orphan Stella

From the French of Louise Hautières, by E. R.

CHAPTER 5

DONATO AND STELLA

"I was born at Sorrento, a fishing village near Naples," continued Donato, as he confided his life story to Madame de Lussey. "My parents were good and honest and I was their only child. Till the age of 20 I grew up with them, gay and happy, content with my lot and a favorite with my companions. I had a strong character, reserved and independent, and very little affection for my good parents. I liked to wander about alone on the beach and shunned the society of others. These inclinations for solitude and independence caused my father much anxiety. He was an old seaman with energy and experience and strove vigorously against my lonely and rambling propensities. My mother, who idolized me, sweet and gentle as she was, would remonstrate with me, weeping, on my vagabond way of life, but all in vain. One morning I rose at dawn to see the sun rise o'er the mountain top. My good parents were sleeping peacefully as I passed the door; how little I thought then that I was leaving them for ever, yet an interior voice seemed to say, 'Do not go.' But, stifling my emotion, I ran quickly on toward the beach. Never had I beheld a more beautiful sight. The rays of the rising sun seemed to touch with roseate hue the sparkling crest of the rising waves. I was spellbound. Seating myself on a high rock, I gazed in rapture on the scene and gave full vent to my wild imaginations.

"But I was not alone in that solitary spot. A stranger, whom I had not perceived, was standing at a little distance. He had telescope in his hand and was scouring the horizon anxiously. Suddenly the white sail of a vessel was seen through the haze, evidently approaching the shore. 'Ah!' he exclaimed in delight, 'there she is, my dear little schooner! How glad I will be to find myself once again on her deck, and be able to resume my free and independent life.' Turning to depart, he caught sight of me, and coming quickly towards where I was seated, said gaily: 'You are an early bird, young man. What has brought you here at this hour of the morning?'

"The sea," I replied. "I love the sea. It attracts me, captivates me, and draws me irresistibly. It is to enjoy it at my ease that I have come thus early to this solitary spot."

"Bravo, bravo, lad," he said, clapping me familiarly on the back, "I like to hear you

speak in that fashion. Your tastes and mine seem to agree. No doubt you are a sailor?"

"I am but a fisherman and the son of a fisherman, but our boat has never been further than the Isle of Ischa."

"You would enjoy a long sea voyage?"

"'Tis the dream of my life."

"Well then, my young friend, come with me. I will initiate you into all the hazards of sea life, its joys, emotions, and dangers. It is a delightful existence. You would be a fool to reject my offer."

"The stranger spoke with so much energy and enthusiasm that I was completely won over. We set off together, and half an hour later arrived at the place of embarkment. We were soon on board, and the vessel set off at a rate of speed that made my head reel. The deed was done!

"For the next twenty years I exercised the trade of pirate, and smuggler, under the command of the strange being, whose language had bewitched me, and to whose service I had bound myself with an ardor and devotion worthy of a better cause.

"But one day, at last, disgusted with my adventurous life, and seized with a longing to visit my native place and embrace my good old parents once again, I left the ship and set out for Sorrento. I arrived there by night and made my way towards the humble dwelling where the best years of my life had been spent. Alas! No sign of the old home was to be seen. Large naval constructions filled the place where my parents' home once stood. What had become of them? I dared not question the neighbors, for I knew right well I had incurred their displeasure and indignation by my unfilial conduct, and I dreaded their reproaches. At last, weary of wandering about the place, a sudden thought struck me, and I set off to the cemetery, and after a sorrowful search I found the tombstone that marked the last resting place of the good parents who had loved me so tenderly, and of whose demise I had most probably been the cause. Overcome with remorse, I fell on my knees, and shedding bitter tears, made a solemn vow to abandon the impious career of pirate and lead an honest life. But how was this to be accomplished. My name was only too well known and dreaded along the Mediterranean Coast. I had not a friend in the world, and after twenty years of lawless adventures, how could I expect to regain my place in civilized society?"

"Filled with these sad and discouraging thoughts, and fearing to fall into the hands of the police, who might have had notice of my return to Sorrento, I quitted my native place and set out secretly for the mountains of Calabria, where I hoped to find shelter and work of some kind.

"Well, after a couple of days spent in wandering among the rocks and caves, I met by chance, or rather by ill luck, an old companion of my youth, who in consequence of some boyish escapade, had now become the chief of a band of brigands. I told him my story, and, strange to say, he offered me a place in his troop. Seeing the difficulties in which I was placed, there appeared to be no alternative but to accept his offer.

"We formed a well-organized and redoubtable troop. Robbing travellers, pillaging habitations, villages, farmhouses and convents, if we thought it worth our while. Our hiding places were so concealed and secure, we had no fears of capture.

"One day we got information that the French ambassador, with his family and suite would pass in our vicinity that evening enroute for the East. It promised to be a grand capture and we made every provision to secure success. But this time we had reckoned without our host. The envoy, knowing that the district was infested by brigands, was accompanied by a strong military guard, who fired on us from all sides and fought like lions, gaining a complete and decisive victory. In the heat of the combat I was badly wounded in the shoulder by a bullet, and fell into a deep ditch, where I lay a long time unconscious, a circumstance that proved to be the saving of my life.

"After some time the freshness of the night air restored me to consciousness, and, raising my head with difficulty, I perceived I was alone. Friend and foe were gone. Gathering together the little strength left me, I managed with unheard of difficulty to regain our place of safety. I crawled inside, but it was empty. Silence alone responded to my groans of pain. Either my comrades had all been killed or taken prisoners, though I hoped some had escaped and found shelter in the caves.

"Overcome by these sad thoughts, and the pain from my wounds, I fell once more to the ground unconscious. How long I remained in that condition I cannot tell, but I was aroused from my insensibility by the tones of a well known voice in my ear: 'Wake up, Donato, wake up, the chief has sent me to you, he has great need of your services.'

"My weakness was so great I was unable to reply, but I made signs that I understood.

"'You are injured,' the voice continued, 'but take courage, you will soon be healed,' and a

light soft hand began to bind up my wound and gave me some cordial to drink.

"I now began to revive and saw that this unexpected visitor was no other than Juanita, wife of Antonio, the chief, who was bending over me troubled and distressed.

"'Who told you I was here?' I enquired, fearing I had been betrayed?

"'No, no, do not be uneasy, I alone know your hiding place. I watched the fight from a tree, and saw you fall, and afterwards your journey here.'

"'And why did you not come to my assistance?'

"'I was absolutely required elsewhere.'

"'With Antonio? Is he injured?'

"'No, he had the good fortune to escape unhurt, but he is so closely pursued he cannot get to any of our hiding places, and has to seek shelter where he can in the mountains; he will defend himself to death, but alas, I fear there is no chance of escape now. He is doomed. That is why he has sent me to you.'

"'Ah! If I could only go to his aid.'

"'I see you are as devoted as ever. Well, this very night he has made a precious capture and wants to place it safely in your keeping.'

"'A precious booty? And what may it be?'

"'Look,' and opening the folds of her large cloak, she showed me, sleeping calmly on her breast, a beautiful little child about 18 months old.

"'An infant,' I exclaimed in astonishment. 'Who is she and where did he find her?'

"'She is the child of one of the French party we attacked last night. They will move heaven and earth to find her, but we must frustrate all their endeavors.'

"'But how did Antonio manage to get possession of her?'

"'As he was rushing away at full speed through the darkness, he heard a plaintive cry and, turning in the direction whence the sound came, perceived, lying under a tree, the French nurse clasping tightly in her trembling arms a little child. To throw himself on the dying woman, snatch up the babe and dash away into the forest was for Antonio but the work of a moment. I raced after him dreading some misfortune.

"'I'll have my revenge now,' he exclaimed, shaking the poor little thing pitilessly, and glaring at her like a tiger. 'You shall pay for the death of my brave fellows, I swear it,' and his eyes shone with ferocious anger. At length, worn out by racing in the thick wood, he stopped for a moment to take his breath. And then a strange thing happened. The poor little pet, quite unmindful of all her shaking, and thinking probably that her captor was only

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Eucharistic Memories in Bible Lands

DOM LAMBERT NOLLE, O. S. B.

ON THE HOLY ROCK OF MORIAH

THE most Holy Sacrament is mentioned as a daily practice in the early Church of Jerusalem under the title "The Breaking of Bread." Our Latin name "Mass" comes from Rome, where it was called "Missa," i. e., "Dismissal"; because it formed the end of the long vigil from Saturday night to Sunday morning at which our "Ite Missa est" was chanted three times, first for the dismissal of the Catechumens, before the Offertory; then, for the non-communicants, before Holy Communion; and, finally, at the end, for the remaining communicants. The best name is undoubtedly "Holy Eucharist," i. e., "Thanksgiving or Praise," which derives its origin from the solemn chant of the Preface. This name expresses in the most perfect way the great truth that it is not only the most holy of the Sacraments, but also that it is primarily and foremost the *Sacrifice* of the New Testament, instituted for the principal end of each Sacrifice, (in fact of the whole creation,) viz., for the worship and glory of God. The name also suggests that the graces it conveys to us as a sacrament come to us by means of the sacrifice and are intended chiefly to make us more fit, first, for our participation in the most perfect act of worship, secondly, for God's praise through a holy life, and, finally, for a more perfect share of God's glorification in heaven.

In no other spot in the whole world are we reminded so lively of this central idea of Sacrifice as by the historical rock in the temple area of Jerusalem, now enclosed by the famous mosque and crowned by its wonderful cupola. We have here the place where Abraham was on the point of sacrificing Isaac, his beloved Son of promise, with the truly sacrificial sentiment of doing God's will at any cost, and thus acknowledging his supreme dominion over our goods, our bodies, our lives, and, above all, of our wills. On the same spot there stood in the time of the crusaders the high altar of the knights of the temple on which the promised Messiah, the Son of God, but as Man, a descendant of Abraham, offered as priest of the order of Melchisedech, himself in the Holy Eucharist as the victim of the New Covenant. The fact that this holy spot was used at such distant times for such divergent kinds of sacrifice would make it sufficiently interesting. But between those two periods of history, the holy rock carrying the altar outside the temple, was for cen-

turies, i. e., from the dedication of Solomon's temple until the destruction of Jerusalem, (with the exception of a few interruptions,) the daily scene of the various sacrifices of the Old Testament, each kind of which was in a different way a type and shadow of the one great sacrifice to come through the Messiah.

Now, with all the varieties of these sacrifices, ordained by God himself through Moses, there was a common central idea in all of them. Even the sin—and peace offerings, which will occupy us on some future occasion, expressed the primary purpose of each sacrifice, viz., the worship and glory of God. This was indicated by the divine ordinance, that in all the sacrifices of animals the blood had to be poured out at the foot of the altar, (or once a year before the ark of the covenant,) and the fat must be burnt on the altar.

The eating of any kind of blood was strictly forbidden to the Jews, because blood, being an essential necessity of life, stood for animal life itself; and the pouring out of it at the altar signified, that God alone is the Giver and therefore the supreme Master of all life, also, that in consequence of this He must be acknowledged by us as such even at the risk or the price of our very life.

The burning of all sacrificial fat meant the giving of the best part of the animal to God, and was another form of the recognition of his supreme dominion over all creatures. This second idea will perhaps not impress us so much as it does the Oriental mind. The meat there is usually of a meagre kind, and fat meat is even now by the Arabs partaken of as the greatest luxury, to an extent which would nauseate a Westerner. For the Oriental the offering of fat meant, therefore, the paying of the highest tribute to the Lord of all; and for this reason the Old Law prescribed it, and extolled it, when given in the right spirit as the ascending of an acceptable and sweet odor of supreme worship and homage before the throne of God.

Whilst the idea of God's exclusive worship and adoration was by the offering of the blood and the fat emphasized as the foremost object even of the sacrifices of atonement, petition, and praise, it was the only purpose of the highest kind of sacrifice, viz., of the *Holocaust*, or "Whole-burnt offering." Whilst in the sin-and peace sacrifices the clean, eatable parts were in the first case either wholly or partly burnt outside the city, or in the second case partly

eaten by the offerer, and in both cases usually partly given to the priests; on the other hand, in the case of holocausts, all the clean parts were burnt on the altar for God's glory. This was not done as some have suggested, in order to destroy them, but as Saint Thomas teaches us, to prepare them in a human way for God Himself, and to send them up to Him, as Scheeben has suggested, in the shape of a sweet-scented odor, which, humanly speaking, approaches somewhat God's own spiritual nature.—The importance and prominence of God's worship through the most perfect kind of sacrifice was still more emphasized by the law, by which daily morning and evening holocausts were strictly prescribed, whereas other sacrifices were ordered only for special times or occasions. Could Almighty God in the Old Testament have laid more stress on the truth, that His glory and adoration, the chief purpose of religion in general and of sacrifice in particular, than by providing so many daily morning and evening sacrifices for hundreds of years on that altar which stood on the sacred rock of Moriah? And in our own days the same lesson is enforced by the fact that there is no hour of our day or night when the Eucharistic sacrifice is not offered somewhere on earth.

The huge number of the ancient daily sacrifices reminds us, too, that God's glory is infinite, and that it can neither be sufficiently appreciated by human minds, nor adequately acknowledged by means of the symbolical sacrifices of animals; they all cried out daily for the promised higher priesthood, signified by Melchisedech, and for the "Lamb of God" which alone could be the all sufficient holocaust for God's claim on our due worship of His infinite majesty. As each of the animals was but a shadow of that perfect victim, none fully adumbrate his sublime qualities; but the holy doctors find in each animal some similitude to the great Divine Victim. They see in the rams his character as leader of the Christian flock, and in the young bulls with strong necks and horns, His power and strength to perform the great work of our redemption, to bear the heavy yoke of obedience and triumphantly to overcome his enemies; the lambs foreshadowed Him as the meek and humble of heart, Who did not open His mouth when He was shorn of all honor and led to the cruel slaughter, whilst the doves signified his sublime purity, which even His enemies could not deny when challenged; of the usual ingredients of animal sacrifices salt pointed Him out as the Divine Wisdom, oil suggested the innumerable graces of the holy sacraments, which flowed from sacrifice on the cross, whilst incense symbolized the pleasure which His acts of worship gave to the Heavenly Father. That the offerings of bread and wine

were symbols of His future Eucharistic Sacrifice need not be elaborately proved.

The victims prescribed for the sacrifices on the rock of Moriah were not only symbols of the Divine Victim, but being substitutes for the offerers, also, the intention and disposition demanded of the latter not only of the priests, but of the individual worshipper and of the chosen people as a whole. Now, the first condition of each victim was that it should be *without any blemish*. This was meant to impress those partaking of the sacrifice, even by mere assistance, of the necessary purity of heart and soul, symbolized also by the legal purity of the body, which formed such an important chapter in the ceremonial law of the Jews. The unblemished state of the victims selected for holocausts gave to them, as it were, a particular dignity before their companions, so that if they had been able to express themselves as rational creatures, and had had their choice, they would have preferred to be sacrificed by God on the altar rather than to be slaughtered as common food for men; this was meant to instruct the faithful that there is no work more worthy or honorable for any creature than to spend his strength and time in worshipping and glorifying God; in fact, this is the exclusive and most honorable occupation of the heavenly citizens, who offer their constant canticles of praise in union with the immortal Lamb on the heavenly altar.

Again, each kind of animal, admitted by God for holocausts, points out a special disposition in the mind of the offering or attending worshipper, whom it represents. The young bull stands for the pride of our human nature, which through, and during, the sacrifice must be subdued and, by the fire of love the real good qualities of the offerer must be turned into acts of humble worship of God, the giver of all strength of body and soul. The lamb and the ram, following often stupidly and at the risk of life the irrational desire for delicious food, symbolize our sensual appetite, which, during the holy sacrifice, we must renounce for God's glory and be willing in our daily lives to be led by his will on the bitter pastures of tribulations and unpleasant duties. The purity of the dove is to be an incentive, during the holy sacrifice, to raise our minds above the sordid cares of this world, and by the strength drawn from the altar to keep our minds always near to God, our will in constant submission to him, and our desires steadily fixed with a kind of homesickness on heaven.

That this was God's view on sacrifices is shown by his reprobation of them when they were offered from human motives, or by those who at the same time immolated to idols, or

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St. Louis Cathedral---New Orleans

REV. WILLIAM SCHAEFERS

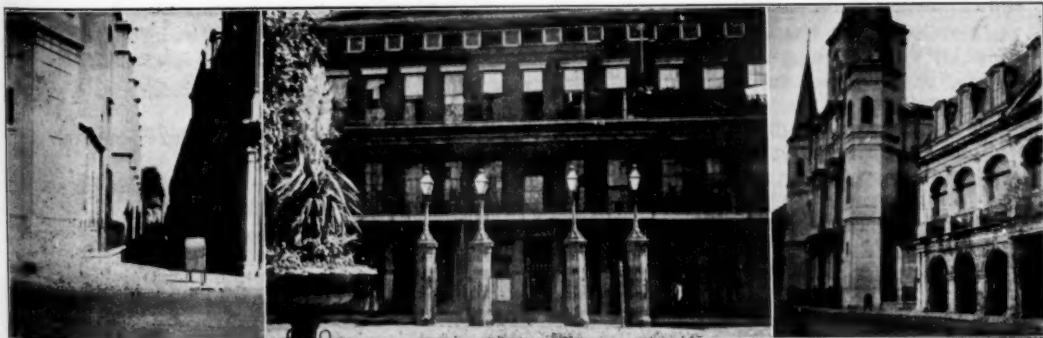
THE heart of Vieux Carre—the old French quarter of New Orleans—is Jackson Square, laid out by Bienville, the city's founder, in 1718. This old square was formerly the very center of religious and social La Nouvelle Orleans. On the south and north sides of the Square are the long rows of famous old tenement houses, three stories high, called the "Pontalba Buildings." They give no hint today of their former grandeur, when the most aristocratic families of the city and the celebrities of that day lived here and mingled in rich life.

The glory of the Square, however, is the St. Louis Cathedral, flanked on both sides by the oldest prominent buildings in the French quarter, the Cabildo and the Presbytere. The old Cathedral completely dominates the Square: a massive stone building, of a Spanish architectural style that delighted in the trinitarian arrangement, since the large Cathedral front is made up of three façades, one over the other, and the whole is surmounted with three spires, the center one being by far the highest. Completed in 1788, at the time when the Franciscans were erecting the first group of buildings at the Santa Barbara Mission on the Pacific coast, this splendid cathedral was presented to the Catholics of New Orleans by the rich and generous Don Almonaster y Roxas. This magnificent gesture cost Don Almonaster \$50,000; to-day, the cathedral could not be built for ten times that amount.

Standing on the exact site where the first church in New Orleans was built, in 1718, the St. Louis Cathedral of to-day, with 137 years of history crowded in its solemn interior, is the South's finest and most historical shrine. Here,

in the long years gone by, the French military staff, which gave to La Nouvelle Orleans the manners and splendor of the court of Versailles, attended the Pontifical Mass celebrated by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Penalver; here worshipped the rich merchants and brave traders who through their combined financial strength made the New Orleans of their day a city of opulence, so that, early chronicles say, it suggested the splendors of Paris; here, too, creole nobility made novenas; here the famous "Casette girls," chaperoned by the Ursuline Nuns, would stop to make a visit to the Blessed Sacrament, breathing here their modest hopes of honorable marriage to the young gallants of the city; here are the confessionals which, if they could speak, would tell us of the loves and hates, triumphs and failures, passions and penitence of a hundred years of French life. Before the great wooden high altar, where glows a large ruby lamp, six generations of French, and French-Americans, have worshipped. The pavements are worn. The inscription on the slabs beneath which, under the sanctuary floor, the Marignys lie buried, is barely decipherable.

The prayers of more than a hundred years have sighed through the arches of the cathedral. The tapers on its altars trembled into flame long before France relinquished the Louisiana empire to the United States. Silver-throated bells sent forth their thrice-repeated calls to kneeling multitudes at a time when Detroit was merely a settlement of huts. However, its old glories are gone,—when, with a burst of harmony that rolled in a flood from flagged floor to vaulted roof, filling all with a tumultuous sea of sound, the old French congregations, in new, adventurous America, sang their solemn symphonies of praise to God.



Orleans Alley

Rows of Famous Old Tenement Houses

Cathedral and Cabildo

The pillars in the interior all lean out at the top. The Cathedral became unsafe twelve years ago and the work of restoration and reinforcement, paid for by a generous-spirited Protestant citizen of New Orleans, succeeded in all except in getting the pillars back to their original upright position. Thus, age hangs heavy here. However, the Cathedral, on its renewed foundation, and strongly embraced by the new buttresses all around, will endure, no doubt, for several centuries.

Age and history waits on the Cathedral at either side. On the south side runs a narrow, gloomy alleyway, "Orleans Alley." This alley touches the scarred walls of the "Cabildo," built in 1795, also the gift of Don Almonaster to the municipality of the city. The Cabildo is a massive stone building, dressed in French architectural style. On the second floor is a room called the "Sala Capitular." It was in this room where the real estate contract was signed, by French and American authorities, whereby the French Louisiana empire was sold to the Stars and Stripes. Lafayette, on his visit to New Orleans in 1826, was royally housed and entertained in the Cabildo, which had been lavishly fitted up for his use. Also the first Protestant services held in the city of New Orleans were held in one of the large rooms of the Cabildo. The celebration of the centennial of the Louisiana purchase had its heart in the Cabildo. McKinley was joyously welcomed here. In fact, no other building in the city possesses the historical interests that the Cabildo does. In the rear of this old building one finds the rectory of the present pastor and assistants, who have charge of the Cathedral parish.

The Cabildo is now a state museum. The first objects of interest seen upon entering the museum are two relics of the World War. Flanking the loggia entrance to the Cabildo one sees a bullet-punctured war plane and a ridged war-tank, two of the most modern devices of war, and over these the old Cathedral casts its shadows sorrowfully.

On the north side of the Cathedral runs St. Anthony's Alley, and that ancient strip of pave touches the "Presbytere," built in 1813. This building, a poor copy of the Cabildo, stands on the spot where the Capuchins, who had charge of the spiritual affairs of young New Orleans, had their monastery and rectory. This spot was the one chosen by Bienville when he set aside ground for ecclesiastical purposes. The monastery held to the site for a century, when it was razed and the Presbytere, which became the headquarters of the Civil District Court, was erected. Like its older and finer brother to the south, the Presbytere is also now a state museum. Strange, then, that the old Cathedral

should be flanked on both sides by a museum, structures no longer serving any other purpose save housing a miscellaneous collection of relics of the past; while there stands the Cathedral, older than either the Cabildo or the Presbytere, not a museum, but still the house of God, and still its worn aisles echo to the tread of feet come to worship before the tabernacle; a victory of the Temple of God over old temples of the city. Thus is the St. Louis Cathedral, king in Vieux Carre.

I lingered in Jackson square until the sun went down behind the skyscrapers of modern New Orleans. Before it disappeared, however, I imagined that it seemed to pause and turn on the old Cathedral an ardent gaze, flooding the triple spires with glory. The Cathedral seemed the soul of Old New Orleans; and as I gazed upon the highest spire, which for 137 years has held aloof the cross, time seemed for a moment to stop, and once again the Cathedral in this small French corner of America took on the glory of its first days, when Vieux Carre was the most important river-gateway city on the new continent, and when its Catholic heart worshipped in the great Cathedral in truly Catholic fashion.

My Mother's Lullaby

NANCY BUCKLEY

When the fire was burning brightly in the cosy nursery,

And the purple dusk was pressing—pressing round us rapidly,

When the windows all were misted with the touch of cool, grey rain,

And the lattice was atremble with the night wind's gentle strain,

Warm and sleepy, in the cradle of her arms I loved to lie,

While my mother, softly rocking, crooned to me a lullaby;

I could see the broad path winding from the doorway of our home

To the curving, sandy shore line, lying white with sparkling foam;

I could see the wee men dancing—dancing on a moonlit hill;

I could hear their fairy music, elfin-sweet and high and shrill;

Till at last I sank in slumber, safe and warm on mother's breast,

With no trouble, care or sorrow to disturb my peaceful rest.

In the silence broken only by the sounds that memories bring,

There is sobbing in the music that my mother used to sing.

The Communion Rail Ends the Quest for the Grail

BURTON CONFREY

(Continued from last month)

THE young college student of the twentieth century has a more difficult fight than any of King Arthur's knights ever had. Statistics show that three out of every five people in Indiana have no religion. They accept this type of proposition as a standard of living:

1. Bad thoughts and impure speech are not sins because they harm no one;
2. Personal impurity is not sinful; "it is natural";
3. There is no harm in adultery and fornication if you avoid public scandal;
4. It is far better to divorce and remarry if you are not in harmony with your wife;
5. It is better for the world that "fewer and better" babies be produced—but conjugal restraint need not be practiced in order to effect this reduction (the Birth Control Clinic is fighting hard for a footing in the larger cities);
6. The unborn child of the unwilling mother is an unjust aggressor and has no right to life.

Nor are those in whose mouth fruits turn to wormwood confined to our vicinity.

A TRAGEDY OF SELF-LOVE

While examining current magazines for the library assignment this week, I found an article, written in reaction to an autobiography recently published, which has affected my life deeply. The name of the book is not important; the ideas in the review made me see myself as heretofore no self-analysis has.

In spite of all his high and splendid achievements (enumerated in the article), the subject of the autobiography finds himself the despised and rejected of men. He says: "A year ago I was honored on all hands; wherever I came, I felt that men and women spoke of me with interest, curiosity at least. Since the first volume of *My Life* appeared, everywhere I feel the unspoken condemnation and see the sneer of the foul, sidelong grin. I have paid dearly for my boldness."

Evidently he is sensitive; so am I. It is his better self gaining control

when he can acknowledge his mistakes. In order to cut his experience into my consciousness I located, in a book of meditations, material on bridling one's tongue. "Often one gives himself liberty in speaking, not bridling his tongue but deceiving his own heart" (James 1:26). He will speak well of himself to gain the good opinion of others. He will criticise and condemn the action of his superiors, and speak slightly of his neighbor, in order not to appear to be a flatterer. He wastes his time in useless conversation, in mere trivialities, in order to gain the good will of his hearers. As Louis XIV said, "That's me"?

The reviewer writes: "His reminiscences are colored by a temperament eager for applause, by prejudices born of his disappointments, by chagrin the outcome of his injured vanity... by an almost Mephistophelean delight to belittle the men of his time to the level of a creator—a poet; but, unfortunately, he early went about the world seeking for knowledge of facts and became so absorbed in that pursuit that he neglected to cultivate an acquaintance with his own soul, so that now he is not even on speaking terms with it. Hence the tears."

Throughout the volumes a reader is conscious that the statements do not ring true. His egotism is nothing short of monstrous. "Always it is his vanity which is the deciding influence on the man's conduct. He has employed his unusual abilities, not so much in response to the impulses of a high ambition as from the urge in him to demonstrate his superiority over other men. (Examples:) He wrote a biography not, as he would claim, to reinstate a lordly spirit, but to exhibit himself as the magnanimous and beneficent friend. The world at one time accepted him even at his own valuation, and it rewarded him both in homage and goods; for

where there was so much promise there would be fulfillment. But the fulfillment never came; for that comes from the soul, and he had sold his soul for a mess of pottage and it was no longer in his keeping. It is the nature of every living being to develop by self-surrender, and not by self-possession. He never forgot himself, never really gave himself to any ideal. As a consequence, he remained sterile. . . . Instead of permitting the soul in him the freedom to grow its wings, he confined and debauched it; and now it is powerless. . . . The world came to feel this instinctively in him, and it made him feel that it felt it. It was then that his vanity was wounded beyond healing.

After more citation of the evidence on which he bases his conclusions that you have in the autobiography a virile brain giving a monstrously impudent exhibition of itself, the reviewer says: "He is still storming at the world's holy places demanding admittance to the sanctuaries within, and to be accorded their shelter and refuge. But . . . he will never be permitted their hallowed precincts. The pity of it. . . I can never forget this man's supreme splendor of intellect, nor the magic of his golden speech. A great writer has been lost to the world, drowned in the brackish flood of his own vanity, and a rare spirit has flickered out in this his latest pathetic effort to feed its flame with the dross of the market place."

I shall not embroider the theme by making personal application; but as I suggested in beginning, after reading the article, I felt that I had reached a milestone in my life. Henceforth I must be different.

Fortunately, students who receive a Catholic education have from Holy Scripture these criteria for judging values in setting up goals of achievement for life:

1. "Blessed are the clean of heart, for they shall see God.—Matt. 5:8.

"All uncleanness, let it not so much as be named among you as becometh Saints."—Eph. 5:3.

2. "Know you not that you are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you? But if any man violate the temple of God, him shall God destroy."—1 Cor. 3:16,17.

3. "He that joineth himself to harlots will be wicked. Rottenness and worms shall inherit him."—Ecclus. 19:3.

4. "What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder."—Matt. 19:6.

5. "Therefore the Lord slew him, because he did a detestable thing."—Gen. 38:10.

6. "Thou shalt not kill."—The Fifth Commandment.

WHAT NOTRE DAME HAS DONE FOR ME

Have I changed since I first came to Notre Dame? I'll say I have. The amazing thing about it is that it is a surprise to me. In the beginning of the year I heard much about what Notre Dame had done for other fellows. I even went so far as to think about all that I heard, but unfortunately I never put it into practice. That all I heard concerning the advantages of Notre Dame had some effect upon me, I know; but this was very little.

It was not until after the second semester that I really got hold of myself. It was then that I began to attend daily Communion. Soon afterwards my ideas about certain things underwent a complete change. This was due to meditation. There was a time when I would not go out with girls who would not "neck," if I may use that common expression, or have a little drink. I knew many good Catholic girls and respected them but thought that they did not know what life was all about.

I have changed in that respect for one, and get a bigger "kick" out of a real girl. I have learned that in most cases these girls are more attractive because they possess greater personalities.

Then there are other things, such as going out on a "tear." At one time I considered that a good time, but somehow or other I don't think I would enjoy it now.

When we realize the marvels a person of delicate physique may accomplish if he guards his health—Cardinal Gibbons, for example—and how quickly a physical giant may deteriorate if he does not control his appetites—a certain champion pugilist comes to mind—we can see how the same facts could hold in the field of morality. Gawains may be born moral invalids. Living according to standards of the world, the flesh, and the devil, leads them to perversion and finally to destruction. Under a careful supervision, a wise confessor, and an understanding sympathy, their lives may be regulated so that they become decent and may even attain piety.

A FAIRY STORY

Once upon a time a little boy and a little girl were sent upon a long journey, the latter starting two years later than the former. Upon the eighteenth year of his journey the boy and the little girl met, and decided to travel together as long as their paths remained the same.

One day the children came to a fork in the road; one way led over a hill, and the other through a dark tunnel under the hill. The children, being curious and moved by a strong emotion, decided, since they would be company for each other, to travel the dark tunnel. They enjoyed the trip until, at the darkest part of the tunnel, they found that a choice must be made of roads. The little girl chose one way and the boy the other.

Shortly after leaving the little girl, the boy came to the end of the tunnel, and the sun again smiled upon his countenance; but after traveling for a month in the daylight, his skies became suddenly darkened, all the world seemed gloomy, the sun seemed not to shine for him, for he was worried. The thought had come to him that he had left his little mate alone in a strange darkness. He feared for her safety, for he did not know what beast might take advantage of her in the darkness of the tunnel. He wondered if he should have gone her way to protect her in the darkness; but, he reasoned, he would have been in the darkness, too, and both might have been lost. Yet he felt like a coward.

The little boy's fears were suddenly lost. His skies became bright again. For a wise man, whom he met on the way, told him that his worries and fears would get him naught, and advised him to ask his Fairy Godmother, who looks after all little girls, to take special care to lead his little girl safely out of the tunnel. This the boy did; and with a light heart, a clear conscience, and a smile on his face, he continued the journey. He could see the first goal in the distance, for his skies were not darkened any more by fear and worry since he knew that if his little friend wore a certain medal she would be safe under the guidance of her Fairy Godmother.

There is, on the other hand, the young man, as yet unpolluted, who through worldly com-

panionship—"society" that laughs at modesty and regards purity lightly—worldly reading—obscure works or those false in philosophy—corrupt men, or silly girls, feels that he is not up-to-the minute. He needs direction to convince him that he must avoid any companion who injures his purity by filthy talk or who leads him to places of sin. (The companion may sin through ignorance or weakness—and receive God's pardon.) Each one's duty is to his own soul and to God. The same young man needs to be impressed with the fact that the silly girl will find him a chivalrous victim, and that if he hasn't manhood enough to make her behave he will never have manhood enough to be the respectable father of a family. As St. Philip Neri so well said, "The Blessed Sacrament is the only safeguard for a youth of twenty."

THE GREATEST EXPERIENCE OF MY LIFE

I go to confession from a sense of duty; but never has any event in my existence equalled my general confession in preparation for the Jubilee Indulgences. I took a week to get ready; and after writing out my confession, spent three hours of the last day in meditation and prayer. I record my experience for the encouragement of others. (I got the idea of preparing a deathbed confession from the *New Missal for Everyday*, and the means of observing the modesty of the confessional from reading Huysman's *En Route*.)

Although my confession that week would have been a confession of devotion, I made the general confession in reparation for three things: (1) for omissions in former confessions through ignorance or lack of sufficient preparation; (2) for any instances in which through haste or distraction I failed to excite deep contrition; (3) for foolish pride, desire to hear myself praised, or telling things about myself which would bring me credit among men.

I had no desire in any way to excuse my offenses; but in order that my confessor might judge justly, I mentioned the fact that my only instruction came from a nickel catechism when I was too young to comprehend much of it. (Every child should be sent to a Catholic school.) In my ignorance my attitude formerly was to see how close I could come to mortal sin; but since coming to Notre Dame I have learned, thank God, through study, reading,

and prayer; and I shall continue my effort toward making reparation for my past deficiencies.

Through ignorance I never confessed sins of sight and some of touch. I did not know that the Ninth Commandment forbids in thought what the Sixth forbids in action; and I am sincerely sorry for any concealments of disguises regarding these two commandments. My ruling passion was lust. Thank God, Notre Dame has cleansed me. I now am as disgusted by any phase of that weakness as I was fascinated by it previous to coming to Notre Dame. In reparation I burned vigil lights in the Log Chapel in honor of the Sacred Heart for each person I had ever involved in such sins.

Until this year my fasts and abstinences have never been anything other than those regulated by meals in the ordinary Catholic family, but I will deny myself appetite.

For rash judgments, for disclosing the faults of others, for speaking with levity of religious, for lack of meekness, for lack of charity, God knows I am sorry.

(For the benefit of others: The chief means of bringing about the change in my life were dedication and spiritual Communion on waking; the rosary and four hundred aspirations before rising; daily Mass followed with a Missal, Holy Communion, and continuous Novenas to the Sacred Heart for others; Litany of the Blessed Virgin and Divine Praises after Mass and three Hail Marys and the Memorare for blessing my work of the day; Visits to the Blessed Sacrament and Spiritual Commuions during the day; the Stations of the Cross before supper; wearing a crucifix and learning to meditate; the opportunities for deepening one's spiritual life and the example of laymen at Notre Dame.

My objectives are guarding my tongue and my appetite. Please pray for my intentions.)

(To be continued)

Pray for the extension of the kingdom of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament. Ask Him to chose apostles for His kingdom of love, that He may soon be known, loved and adored by all men.—P. Eymard.

Orphan Stella

(Continued from page 494)

playing, turned her pretty little head towards him and throwing her arms round his neck covered his face with kisses.

"This unexpected contact with innocence, who only opposed angelic sweetness to his brutal fury, aroused new sentiments in Antonio's breast, his heart of bronze was melted, he was completely overcome. Claspings the child to his breast, while the tears rolled down his cheeks, he swore at any cost to save her.

"We have no child of our own, Juanita,' he said, 'let us adopt this little one to be our comfort and delight in our old age. Let us call her *Stella*, as she has shone on us in the darkness of the night.' At that moment a terrible discharge of firearms, close to where we stood, made the earth tremble. 'We are lost, we are lost,' he cried in despair. 'Here, Juanita, take the child and fly. Oh, if I only had my brave Donato here by my side, but alas I fear he is killed.'

"No,' I answered, 'he is alive, but wounded, and has safely reached the Foxes' Cave.'

"Then take the child to him. There she will be safe. Are you afraid to face the danger?"

"Have you ever known me to fail, Antonio,' I asked, 'in the hour of need?' And clasping the child in my arms, I hastened here. Will you do us this service?"

"Oh willingly,' I replied, 'you may count on my courage and fidelity. I swear to protect your adopted child. Have no fear.'

"Thank you, Donato, a thousand times. When the storm that is now raging over our heads has ceased, we will come to claim her, but if, alas, we perish in its fury, then we cede our rights to you as we feel confident that you will love and care for her as a father. Fly with her as soon as possible across the sea, so that no trace can be found of her here. Take this purse, Antonio sent it, you will need the gold it contains. And now, farewell, perhaps for ever. I must be gone, my husband awaits me.' Before leaving, however, she showed me a chest of provisions hidden in a corner of the cave. 'You may have reason to bless my foresight,' she said, smiling sadly, if we can succeed in getting here, we will share them with you; but if we have to pay with our lives the penalty of our attack on the French and the abduction of the child, then, dear Donato, love and protect her for our sakes. Farewell.'

"A secret presentiment told me she was going to her death and I made every effort to retain her, but in vain. She resisted all my entreaties and left me alone to my sad thoughts, sufferings and new duties."

(To be continued)

The Considerate Daughter

MYRTLE CONGER

"DEAR me, mother,—are you scrubbing the kitchen floor again? I don't see why you always have to be working at something. Everyone says you work too hard anyway. Aunt Ella was saying yesterday she thought you worked too hard, and ought to have someone to help you. I told her you didn't need to work so hard. It wasn't our fault. *We* didn't want you always slaving away at something. Now, here you're scrubbing the kitchen floor again....

"What?... Oh, the sugar I spilt on the floor when I was making the fudge.... Yes, I know you told me to clean it up, but I forgot it. But that little bit of sugar won't hurt the floor, will it? Anyway, I don't see why you don't get someone to help you, like Aunt Ella said, then you wouldn't have to work so hard. Dear me, what is that dreadful burning odor?....

"Oh, did I spill some fudge on the stove? Well, burning sugar does smell horrid, doesn't it? I do hope it won't get upstairs into my room....

"What?... *I should have cleaned it off the stove*.... Well, how could I clean it off when I didn't know I had spilled it?—Oh, mother, do stop scraping so hard with that knife. It sets my nerves on edge.... Well, I know the fudge isn't burnt *that* bad. Why make such a fuss over a little bit of burnt fudge on the stove! It hasn't hurt the stove any, has it? You just want a lot of extra work to do, that's all. But I wish you'd stop long enough to tell me where my new pink voile dress is. I want to wear it over to Sally Brown's this afternoon....

"What?... You don't mean it isn't ironed yet? Why, I thought you always did the ironing the first of the week. And this is Wednesday; and I wanted to wear that dress over to Sally's. Some of the other girls will be there; and they will all have on their nice dresses. Why don't you get someone to help you with the work like we want you to—then the ironing could be done in time, and I could have my dresses when I want them....

"Oh,... you say the reason the ironing wasn't done the first of the week was because of my party Monday night. Well, I don't see why a little party has to stop everything else about the house....

"Yes; I know you did bake the cakes, and see about the ice cream, but you remember I wanted you to get someone to help you—dear me, mother, do stop scraping that stove like that....

"Well, how *could* I help when I had to show the man about the lighting decorations. I thought he never would get those Japanese lanterns hung the way I wanted them. He had the wiring, and nearly everything else in the wrong places. But when he finally did get them fixed, they looked like real candles shining through, and everyone said they were just beautiful. Though of course father thought they cost too much,—paying the man by the hour, that way— Well, I couldn't help it, could I, because the man took so long to fix them?....

"What?... Oh, yes; I know father does have to work hard, and has lots of bills to pay. He tells us about it often enough, I'm sure. But it isn't my fault the electric light man charges by the hour for his work,—is it? If he'd fixed the lights right in the first place, it wouldn't have taken so long.

"But that doesn't settle the question of what I am going to wear over to Sally's this afternoon. I suppose I'll have to wear my light blue dress then, even if I did wear it the last time..

"What?... You don't mean my light blue dress is in the ironing, too?... Yes; of course I know that light dresses have to be laundered oftener than dark ones, but I hope you don't want me to be wearing dark dresses all the time—this awful hot weather, anyway. If you would get someone to help you....

"What?... Of course you can get someone. Other women get help, don't they?... Well, suppose help does cost a lot. Father doesn't want you to work yourself to death, does he? Then the ironing could be done on time....

"What?... Yes; I know you were scrubbing the rugs yesterday, though it was just a lot of extra work, all for nothing, I say.... Well, yes; of course we did dance a little on the rugs. Everybody dances at a party, don't they?....

"Well, how did I know they had oil off the street on the soles of their shoes? I didn't think about the street being fresh oiled; and I didn't know it would track in, anyway. Why can't we live on a paved street instead of an old oiled one, then you wouldn't have to work so hard making all that fuss over a little oil on the rugs. And I could have a dress ironed when I wanted it. Now, here it is nearly time for me to go over to Sally's and I haven't a thing to wear..

"What?... Now, mother, you know I can't wear that striped radium. It's too long. Why it's way below my knees. You promised to

shorten it for me last week, but it isn't done yet. . . . No; I didn't know about the jelly having to be made. . . .

"No; I can't wear that dark green dress either. Didn't I just say I couldn't wear dark dresses this warm weather. Besides, all the other girls will have on their light dresses. . . . Dear me. It's nearly two o'clock, and I promised Sally I'd be over early. Were's the iron; and I'll iron my dress, myself. . . .

"Oh, on the top shelf of the cabinet? Well, you reach it for me, will you, mother? You're taller than I am. Then I won't have to stand on a chair. Oh, thank you, mother.

"Dear me, how do you attach this iron? . . . I wish you'd stop cleaning that old sink, and help me with this iron. . . . Well, why don't you have the man come fix the socket? . . . Oh, is that the way it works? Thank you, mother. Now, where is the pink dress? . . .

"What? . . . No; of course I wouldn't disturb the other clothes, but then maybe you had better get it for me, because you're always so particular about everything, and I might get something out of place. . . . Thank you, mother. Now please hold the board for me so I can get the dress straight on it. Do you think the iron is hot enough? Maybe you had better test it first, and see. . . . Oh, is that the way you test it? . . . Will you soon be finished with that old sink? . . .

"What? . . . No; I didn't make the beds upstairs. You know Mary Allen was here nearly all morning; and I can't take my company upstairs to make beds, can I? Why can't the beds go, once? We can straighten them up to-night. Father and the boys won't care. Men never know the difference, anyway. And I don't care about my bed. I'd just get it mussed up again. . . .

"What? . . . Oh, what's the use of being so particular? You're just like Aunt Ella said—You never stop working.

"How can you get any enjoyment out of life if you work all the time. Let the old beds go, once. . . . Well, who'll see them, anyway? . . . Or, if you had some one to help you—like Aunt Ella said. . . .

"What? . . . Why, mother, Aunt Ella knows I help you whenever I can. But with all my time so taken up, I can't do everything, can I? . . .

"Well, I dry the dishes, don't I? . . . Well, of course I didn't dry them this morning, but then you know I was out late last night, and didn't get up in time this morning. And when I came down stairs you had them all dried, and you don't want me to dry dishes after they are already dried, do you? Then Mary Allen was here till nearly noon, you know. And after lunch, I had my fudge to make, and I

couldn't dry the dishes then. You know fudge has to be watched and stirred, or it won't harden right when it gets cold. Oh, that reminds me. I promised Sally I'd bring a box of fudge over for the girls to eat this afternoon. Sally'd never forgive me if I forgot it. Can't you fix a box of it for me, mother. You know I won't have time after I get this dress ironed. Fill the box nice and full, that's a dear. All the girls like fudge, you know. . . .

"What? . . . Oh, no; I didn't sweep the front porch, nor the walks this morning. I forgot it till after Mary came. They don't need sweeping much, do they? They can go this time, anyway, can't they? It's too late for me to sweep them now, anyway. I promised Sally I'd be there early; and I didn't know I was going to have to iron this dress.—Oh, dear, mother; I do believe I've scorched it. You don't suppose the iron got too hot, do you? . . . Well, why didn't you tell me thin material has to be ironed faster?

"Well, all right, then. I wish you would finish it for me. You can do it so much better and quicker than I can, anyway. Then I can go and be getting ready. I have to do a lot to my hair yet; and I'll have to hurry. I promised Sally I'd get there in time to help with the sandwiches; and she'll never forgive me if I'm late. Call me when you finish the dress; and hurry, mother, won't you, please. Just see how late it is getting. And don't forget the box of fudge before I go. . . .

"Oh, all right, mother, is the dress finished? . . . Can't you bring it up to me, mother. I just know I'm going to be late. . . .

"Oh, thank you, mother, for bringing it up to me. And please wait, and hook it up for me, can't you? . . .

"What? . . . Oh, I don't know what time I'll be back. We may go some place—to a movie or something; or maybe some of the boys will come in later. But I'll phone you, and let you know. I suppose you'll be home all evening. . . .

"Oh, no; I'm sure I can't be home in time to help with the supper work. Can't you just give father and the boys a little lunch? They won't care. . . .

"Oh, you want to go to the committee meeting this evening to see about the Church bazaar? Well, I don't see why you have to go to that. They'd just give you a lot of work to do for their old bazaar—like they did last year. They always impose on you. You always do more than any of the others—and all your family trying to keep you from working so hard. Don't let them impose on you the way they always do.

"Dear me, where's my new scarf? Get it for me out of that drawer, can't you, mother?

"Oh, isn't this room a perfect sight! And if we're out late to-night, I was going to ask

Mayme Ray to come home with me, and stay all night. . . . Straighten it up a bit for me, after I'm gone, can't you, mother? I wouldn't like to have Mayme see my room like this.

"Dear me, there's the town clock striking the half hour; and Sally waiting for me to come help her with those sandwiches. And three blocks to walk yet. I wish we could afford a car. . . . And. . . . oh, I nearly forgot the fudge. Where did you leave it? . . . Oh, thank you, mother. . . . And I wish you'd phone Sally I'm just starting, will you? I know I'm going to be late. . . ."

"Well, good-by, mother. Don't work too hard while I'm gone!"

Afternoons in Rome

NANCY BUCKLEY

THE pilgrim is not very long in Rome before he wishes that each day contained thirty-six hours instead of a paltry twenty-four so that he could have more time to spend in the Vatican Palace and Galleries.

The immensity of the Vatican is amazing. It is not one palace but a collection of palaces, of museums, of libraries, of treasures of art without number. There are thirty magnificent halls in the Vatican and about eleven thousand rooms.

The entrance to the Vatican art collection is nearly a mile away from the Piazza of St. Peter and it is here that the pilgrim takes the comfortable auto bus and reaches his goal in a few minutes. His open sesame into this world of beauty is five lire and his first objective the Sistine Chapel, about which he has read and dreamed of for many years. Now the dream is about to come true, and soon he is marvelling at the magnificent fresco of the Last Judgment painted by Michelangelo on the end wall of this wonderful room. It is a colossal monument to the genius of this great artist who gave seven years of his life to its execution. The other walls are covered with frescoes by that prince of painters Perùgino and his brother artists.

The Stanze of Raphael consists of four rooms and contains the foremost collection of this great master. The second room contains one of his most splendid works: *La Disputa* (The Dispute), the most beautiful representation of the Christian world in existence. Its popular name comes from a false impression that it represents a dispute about the Blessed Sacrament. The other fine work is the *School of Athens*, distinguished for warmth of coloring and for the varied expressions on the faces of the fifty-two figures. Praise is indeed empty and words but idle babblings when one is trying to describe these masterpieces.

The Pinocoteca or picture gallery is a collec-

tion of priceless paintings, each of which is worthy of a day's study. In a hurried visit the pilgrim must reluctantly select a few for his delightful admiration.

Raphael's Transfiguration comes first. The great artist died before he finished it, and it was carried in his funeral procession. This incident has been put into verse:

'And when all beheld

Him where he lay, how changed from yesterday—

Him in that hour cut off, and at his head

His last great work; when entering in, they look'd,

Now on the dead, then on that masterpiece—

Now on his face, lifeless and colorless,

Then on those forms divine that lived and breathed,

And would live on for ages—all were moved,

And sighs burst forth and loudest lamentations.'

—Rogers.

Raphael's serene Madonna di Foligno and Domenichino's glorious masterpiece, the 'Last Communion of St. Jerome,' thrill the pilgrim inexpressibly. Other gems of wonderful beauty in this gallery are by Fra Angelico, Murillo, Perùgino and other names written imperishably on the scroll of fame.

Reluctantly the visitor goes to the sculpture gallery and here also alas! must he select only a few of the marble treasures for his attention.

In the Court of the Belvedere are four chambers and in these the most famous objects of the collection are preserved. Nothing that remains to us of antiquity can surpass the wonderful group of the Laocoon in the first cabinet. The second cabinet contains the Apollo Belvedere. Well might this glorious statue inspire the lines of Byron:

'Or view the Lord of the unerring bow,

The God of life, and poesy, and light—

The Sun in human limbs array'd, and brow

All radiant from his triumph in the fight;

The shaft hath just been shot—the arrow bright

With an immortal's vengeance; in his eye

And nostril beautiful disdain, and might,

And majesty flash their full lightnings by,

Developing in that one glance the Deity.'

—Childe Harold.

The third cabinet contains the Mercury, considered the most beautiful statue in the world; and the fourth, three statues, one of Perseus with the head of Medusa, and the two Boxers.

The Vatican Library next visited contains 300,000 printed works in Latin, 20,000 in Greek and as many more in oriental tongues. Many precious manuscripts are here so beautifully illuminated that they are real works of art. Too soon must the pilgrim force himself to leave this, the great treasure house of the world and a bright star in the glorious crown worn so proudly by the city of the Caesars.

The Snowflake

MARJORIE L. CROWLEY

I was standing in the window looking out at one of those heavy snow storms. The flakes like great feathers were wafted softly down in the early dusk without a breath of air to disturb them. Unconsciously I pushed up the window and leaned forward to take a deep breath of the chilled air.

"Nurse, won't you pull the screen away so that I can see the snow and feel the cool air on my face?" The voice from the bed was a weak one. I started because I had been certain that George was asleep.

"But, Georgie, you will catch cold in that draught," I reminded him.

"Just one breath of it," he pleaded. I hadn't the heart to refuse him. I pulled the screen away and immediately reached to close the window. As I did so a large fleecy snow flake fell on the sleeve of my uniform. At first I did not notice and then the small voice came again.

"Oh, nurse, let me see the snowflake there on your sleeve."

I looked and saw the colors from the tiny prisms of its crystals flash in the electric light that I had turned on to illuminate the slight dusk. A small, delicate hand went out and reached for the fading beauty of the snowflake. The white face was transformed for a moment with pleasure. The eyes sparkled and pearly teeth showed in a childish smile that I had not seen for many days.

"Oh, nurse, isn't it pretty? The stars and colors are just wonderful. Wish I could keep it always."

And then suddenly the little piece of paradise vanished and was absorbed into the material of my uniform. By a chance touch of Georgie's feverish breath, it's being had been stolen away. I glanced at the face of the little fellow and saw the joy go out of it. His delicate, wasted hand dropped listlessly on the coverlet and he turned his face away.

"Life's just like that, nurse. Some people have all the luck."

"Georgie, you mustn't feel like that, you know things could be much worse." It was the only thing that I could think of to say. The comforting words that I had learned long before, deserted me before the simple wisdom of this twelve-year-old child.

"I know that I'll never walk. I heard Doctor P— tell Mother yesterday. That's why I cried when you were away." The voice was soft.

"But, dear, you know that if you had things like other boys you might misuse them. We all do that, and God knows best." I found the words hard to say.

"He could at least give me a chance. Just when I could serve Mass and sing in the Glee Club—it all had to happen. If it had been before, I wouldn't have minded." A large tear stole slowly between one of the half closed lids. I felt my heart swell with sorrow, but the comfort I longed to give refused to find expression.

"We all must suffer, Georgie, and maybe it is best that you suffer now and not in the next world."

"Yes. But, oh, nurse, how I would love to walk again. Nobody knows." A sigh escaped him. It was the first expression of his disappointment that I had ever heard from him.

A great lump rose in my throat. It nearly choked me, and I found myself wanting to escape from my profession and it's suffering and crippled bodies. I rose and walked to the window to cope with the struggle in my heart. I did not see the beauty of the falling snow,—my eyes were too blurred with tears, and before long first one and then another dropped and marred the starched whiteness of my uniform. I did not think of that, but of the silent sufferer on the little white bed. For months I had watched Georgie in his stubborn fight for health. For months I had fought beside the brave little soldier, struggling, gaining, losing in his long battle with Death. He had been brave—I persistent—but all to no avail. And there in the hospital window, from which I had looked so many nights in hope and helped Georgie count the stars from his bed, I found myself facing the greatest battle and disappointment of my career—Georgie was going to die. Suddenly I realized that I had known it all the time and that for the first time I had really faced the truth. I had learned to love Georgie as my own little brother and the brave heart of the suffering little child had taught me how really weak I actually was.

Then, with a sudden resolution, I brushed the tears from my eyes and raised them to the clouded sky where one lone evening star struggled, twinkled, and shone.

"Please, God, don't let Georgie suffer any more than You can help." It was the only thing that I could say then. With firm purpose I braced myself and said—"Be strong." Then I turned from the window and approached the bed. The sufferer's eyes were closed and He did not turn his head. I was glad for that, and with composure I felt his pulse. At the touch of my cool fingers he sighed, but that was all.

"No, nurse, I'm so tired. I couldn't eat anything. You are so kind," was his reply when I tried to tempt him to eat. I let the answer pass without comment. I hadn't the heart to coax him as I usually did—and there was a queer lonely feeling gnawing at my heart.

Georgie's mother came as usual that evening.

When she left, I felt a sudden impulse to tell her to stay. But I chided myself and again bracing myself I said—"Be strong."

Midnight came with its shadows and its murmurs, and in the room, where I sat and watched, all was still save for the quiet breathing of Georgie. He was sleeping. From my post I watched the wasted chest rise and fall peacefully. The chimes from the monastery were counting twelve when the sleeper stirred suddenly and raised his head.

"Nurse! Nurse! Nurse! What is that?" I clasped the outstretched hand almost convulsively.

"What, dearest?" My voice was calm.

"That light,—no, over there—in the corner."

"There is nothing there, Georgie."

"Yes, yes, nurse. See it?"

"Now, Georgie, you must not become excited."

"Oh, yes, nurse. But the light. And, oh, the bells are ringing just like on Christmas—and oh, nurse—God loves me, doesn't He?"

"Yes, Georgie." An icy hand reached out and gripped my aching heart—tighter, tighter, till I thought I must suffocate.

"God loves me. I've been good. And Our Lady is coming with the Infant to get me. Oh, nurse! I'm feeling so good. How I wish that I could walk." I reached for the bell and rang frantically.

"Yes, nurse, the snow is falling and the snowflakes are big and shiny and white. And there's a light over there that makes them shine, but doesn't melt them."

"Georgie! Georgie!"

"Yes, I hear Him. He says He loves me."

"Georgie! Oh, Georgie!" I sank to my knees as the general nurse came in hurriedly. At one glance she took in the situation and vanished to call Sister.

I rubbed his hands and forehead and a tear dropped on the wasted hand, but to my calls there was no response. The soft voice trailed off, and I could not understand him. In vain I spoke to him; prayed aloud, in hope he would hear and respond. The little hand was cold and pulsation had ceased. How I prayed God to forgive me for his mother's absence. How I prayed God to give her strength. In all my life I never prayed as I did during those few minutes when I knew that Death stood over that little white bed, his scythe descending to reap that innocent life. I had come to love Georgie as my own, and his going was a blow to me. Then, like a miracle the wan face lighted up, and he raised his hand and pointed to the corner—

"Nurse, He loves me." The hand dropped on the coverlet and his eyes opened wide, and then closed. One gasp, a smile, and the great-

est disappointment of my career had been cast upon my shoulders. The scythe of Death had descended straight and true, and another angel had joined the ranks. I forgot my profession, my motto, my courage, and put my head over the brave heart, now so silent, and sobbed out my sorrow and disappointment. From a distance I heard Sister's voice—

"Nurse, this is no way to act. You are nervous. Remember." I felt her hand on my shoulder; and without a word I rose and, avoiding looking at the figure on the bed, I turned and left the room. I hadn't the moral courage to go any farther with it.

* * * * *

That is months ago now. But the lesson I learned from little Georgie shall remain in my heart forever. I discovered the fickleness and weakness of my own nature and saw deep into the simple, pure heart of a child beloved by God. Christ blessed the little children, and to them He whispers the secrets of His heart. No wonder the heart of a child is His model.

The Benedictines

(Continued from page 492)

Schismatics back to union with Rome but to preserve them permanently in this union by caring for their spiritual, social, and cultural needs.

Finally, there is the Liturgical Apostolate. For the past seventy-five years, there has been a slowly developing movement toward greater participation of the people in the public worship of the Church. It lays particular stress upon the inner spirit of the liturgy, the spirit of the prayer of God, and strives to overcome the chilling effects of solely individual worship by insistence upon common union in public prayer. The strength of this popular liturgical revival centers about the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass in which the people are urged to participate by the use of the Missal, by congregational singing of the chanted parts as the *Gloria* and the *Credo*, and by common recitation of the answers now made by the Mass server alone. The liturgical revival may be said to have begun with the work of Abbot Guéranger of Solesmes (died Jan. 30, 1875) and especially by the publication of his epoch marking "the Liturgical Year." The movement gradually spread through the European countries, and received its most quickening impulse from the famous *Motu Proprio* on liturgical music issued by Pope Pius X, Nov. 22, 1903. In Europe the Benedictines have taken the leading rôle in the promotion of this popular liturgical revival in all countries with the possible exception of Holland, where the cause is chiefly in the hands of the secular clergy. The first echoes of the litur-

gical movement began to din on our shores only within the last decade, during the latter half of which it has made encouraging progress in this country. The heart of the movement seems to be at St. John's Benedictine Abbey, Collegeville, Minnesota. From the *Liturgical Press* of this Abbey there comes forth a stream of instructive and inspiring literature in the form of articles, booklets, and a monthly magazine called *Orate Fratres*.

This rapid survey of five significant projects to which the Benedictines of to-day are contributing generously of their time and resources is hardly more than suggestive. We shall endeavor to follow up the subject in succeeding articles by developing more fully each of the topics sketched above. In conclusion, we wish to state that the writer is not a member of the Benedictine Order. He is, however, proud to be affiliated, though remotely, with these zealous religious in the humble rôle of a Secular Oblate. Further, he feels deeply grateful to the Benedictines for a number of years of education, and hopes to show his gratitude by publication of a few poor words which may serve to make their Order and its work better known and more generally appreciated.

Eucharistic Memories

(Continued from page 496)

were performed with an unclean and sinful heart, filled with envy, cruelty, injustice or sensuality. This view of God still holds good in our days; nay, it is even more strict, considering the dignity of our holy sacrifice, derived from the Divinity of our High Priest and Victim, and the graces, by which he has prepared our hearts ever since holy baptism. Only if we strive to join in our Lord's Eucharistic Sacrifice with His own sentiments of charity and humble adoration will it become for us a true holocaust for God's glory. For this reason holy Church in the Ordinary of the Mass makes us pray repeatedly with humble fear lest our sinfulness should dim, as it were, the sacred fire of our Savior's sacrifice in the eyes of the Heavenly Father, or like earthly dust thrown into the smoking thurible should spoil the sweet odor of supernatural incense arising from our altar before the throne of God.

As the model of our disposition at our sacrifice of praise St. Paul points out our Blessed Lord Himself (Phil. 2:5). We meet Him in this mind and will at the rock of Moriah on the day of His presentation, forty days after his birth. Already then had He emptied Himself of all His glory, and had taken the form of a poor and lowly servant; even then He was prepared to become obedient unto death, even the death of the cross. Having done all this for

us, we cannot resent His demand that for our own salvation we, too, should empty ourselves by self-denial, and taking daily our cross in patience and obedience follow Him. No occasion is more opportune for making progress on this road than holy Mass, the memory of his Passion, and the special time of grace. Then shall we become all the better prepared for the celestial adoration and praise of God together with the eternal sacrifice of the immortal Lamb and the High Priest for ever and His heavenly choirs.

The Left Fielder

(Continued from page 489)

rounding them, conceive a desire to play more safe; others calmly weigh the 'pros' and the 'cons' and finally cast their ballot for the 'pros.' Then the case becomes greatly a matter of generosity. If the soul is truly generous, it will on such occasions reply: 'Yea, Lord, I am coming.' This generosity was wanting in the heart of the young man whom, the Gospel says, the Savior loved. He grew sad because he feared the sacrifice. It's the same lack of generosity that prevents many a youth from leaving his ball game when the Lord passes and invites him to come and follow Him. It's the same lack of generosity that fears the taunts of Harry Dye and others of his type—it is human respect. Every soul that follows Christ into religion must be a generous soul."

"Father, I wouldn't want to be ungenerous towards our Lord."

"Bravo! Joey, now I am surer of your vocation than ever. Have a few words with Father Benignus. He will give you some reading matter. Pray for still more light and for still greater generosity. On some future occasion I may take up this matter again and discuss with you more in detail the advantages of, and the obstacles to, the religious life."

Half an hour later Joey went tripping lightly down the rectory steps. His countenance was beaming with joy. Father Gilbert, who had just come out of the sacristy, was perhaps the only one who guessed the reason.

a verse libre

MYRTLE CONGER

i could not learn to park
my car.....
i thought i'd watch how others
parked theirs.....
how each one got within the
little space and lines.....
and mark it.....
i watched each one most carefully
and that way learned how
not to park it!

Notes of Interest

From the Field of Science

—The latest and most accurate determination of the speed of light is that of Professor A. A. Michelson. He finds that light travels at the rate of 186,173 miles a minute.

—Continued experiments suggested by the Einstein theory seem to show that there is no ether drift.

—Certain bacteria or 'germs,' formerly beyond the power of the microscope, have been rendered visible by coating them with gold.

—France reports a carburetor that will vaporize a non-inflammable gasoline.

—The germ of Peruvian fever has been isolated.

—A fantastic theory as to static holds it to be due to electrical messages sent by the sun.

—The age of happy brides and grooms is given by a study of marriage licences and Domestic Relations Court records in Philadelphia. The 'Ideal' age for marrying, as a result of this study, the bride between 21 and 29, and for the groom between 24 and 34. Marriages contracted by parties younger or older than the ages given showed greater domestic troubles.

—Will 'narcozan' bring relief for drug addicts? Many members of the medical science are rather skeptical. The claim made for the new treatment of drug addicts with 'narcozan' is that it will restore the patient to a normal condition generally, leaving in him as little desire as in the ordinary healthy individual for morphine and other drugs.

—A recent survey on the condition of children's teeth strengthens the theory that good teeth are associated with coarse diet. Whilst the toothbrush is desirable, proper diet and coarse fibrous foods which clean and leave the teeth clean after the mastication are of more importance. Sunshine also, which helps the body to make full use of the available lime in the diet, helps for good teeth.

—Is liquid coal soon to come? Considerable interest is aroused in two processes that change coal into a sort of gasoline. The first process, invented by Bergius of Germany, combines hydrogen with coal under heat and pressure. It appears to be a commercial success, as two plants already erected have a combined production of 1,000,000 barrels of gasoline and other motor fuels. The second process, invented by Fischer, also a German, seeks to combine carbon monoxide and hydrogen. It is still in the experimental stage. Experts state that the processes, if ultimately successful, will solve the threatened gasoline shortage.

—Forest fires are now detected by airplane, and the alarm sounded by radio from the plane. Canada has introduced this system for the province of Manitoba. The radio reports enable the fire fighters to reach the scene hours and even days earlier than formerly.

—The first eel eggs ever found are announced from Woods Hole, Massachusetts. The eel is the only crea-

ture known that lives in fresh water but goes to salt water to spawn. The eggs were found attached to a shrimp caught about ten miles southwest of the island of Bermuda.

—The damage to your cotton shirt at the laundry may be due to bacteria or 'germs' which feed on cotton fibers.

—A speaking auto horn is one of the latest for automobiles. It will say distinctly such words as 'Turning to right!' 'Stop!' and so on.

—'The wages of sin is death.' Insurance companies seem to wish no insurance for sinners. Formerly an applicant for insurance was subject to only physical examination. Now the leading companies, realizing that a grave sinner carries more risk for death than others, have special departments to investigate also the moral life of applicants. The applicant is seldom aware of this investigation. The various companies have so-called correspondents, who report to inspectors the results of visits to the applicant or the applicant's friends. Nearly 1,500,000 reports a year are now made. One element still baffles the companies,—they cannot reduce these investigations to a percentage basis. All information as to the moral character of the applicant is kept secret,—the New York Insurance law punishing revelation with a two years' imprisonment.

"APPLIED" SCIENCE

—Many moderns wish to be weighed and found wanting.

—Owning an automobile is no proof of having money, but only that the owner had money.

—Only three per cent of the premonitions of war are felt by the people who have nothing to sell the Government.

—Even the diamond has its flaws,—as we see in organized baseball.

—Talking over the heads of the people often means inability for plain speech.

—The political plum tree often bears more fruit with grafting.

—Farming is said to suffer from over-production but how about law making?

—The dyed, rabbit-fur coat often introduces itself as the beaverette or sealine.

Modern children:—Little Emile, watching the doctor use the stethoscope, asked: "What station is he trying to get, Mother?"

—Which is worse, political difference or political indifference?

—Let us cheer up,—extreme evolution has still a long way to go.

—Invention appears to be a slow process of creating new needs as well as new supplies.

—According to an exchange a fossil fish, said to be two million years old, was recently brought to life by a stonecutter in San Francisco.

—A very grueling task is dieting.

—In domestic difficulties the ancient man reached for his club, the modern man goes to his club.

—The intestinal tract is now blamed for many evils formerly ascribed to teeth or tonsils, but medical science has decided not to remove it.

—The trials of life are many, but the criminal has greater fear of the verdict.

—Wanted: an inventor to make a non-skid noodle.

—Father Ambrose Mattingley, O. S. B., whose mission at Fort Totten was recently destroyed by fire, tells of an Indian who gave nearly all his money to buy an expensive automobile. How civilized the Indians have become!

—A man may be an immortal genius, but it does not reduce the premiums of his life insurance.

—Health specialists point to hair and teeth as man's best friends, but even the best of friends fall out.

—More people get crooked by trying to avoid work than get bent by working.

—A good way to see the world go by is to buy a used car.

—America is so interested in games that you can drop the usual opening conversation about the weather and start by asking: 'What is the score?'

—Radio telephony service between New York and London is now in daily use. Many a New Yorker doubts this, since he cannot always get even his neighboring cities.

—Of the many -isms which always follow scientific discoveries, the following from an exchange might apply:—

Of socialism I have heard,
And bolshevism, too;
And communism oft has stirred
My heart to fears anew.

But now these words no longer move
My feelings and appall,
These various 'isms' always prove
But 'wasms' after all.

COLUMBAN THUIS, O. S. B.

Miscellaneous

—An unusual Christmas offering was that of 307 students of the St. Louis University Medical and Dental Schools who pledged themselves to give gratis to the sick poor in any of the seven hospitals associated with the University a pint each of blood for transfusion. The Dean of the Medical School had asked students to register for blood transfusions at \$50 per pint. This heroic act was one of the results. The transfusion, if it is required, is not to occur oftener than once in six months.

—Two of the three largest Catholic colleges in the United States for women are, singularly enough, both located in the same city—San Antonio, Texas. The College of Our Lady of the Lake has an enrollment of 935 students, that of the Incarnate Word has 800. The College of St. Mary-of-the-Woods, in Indiana, near Terre Haute, ranks first with 1,043.

—It may not be generally known that Spain and her former colonies in the western hemisphere have long been exempt from Friday abstinence. The Papal Bull of exemption is proclaimed each year at Madrid by a colorful procession that wends its way through the streets of the city.

—On the occasion of the bi-centenary of the canonization of St. Aloysius there was assembled at Rome five thousand young men, delegates from twenty-five nations. The United States was well represented. Fifty thousand attended the Papal Mass that was celebrated by the Holy Father in St. Peter's on December 31. On the day previous the 5,000 delegates were received in audience by Pope Pius XI. It required three hours for this group to pass before His Holiness, who gave to each his hand to kiss. The Pope was given two heavy volumes with the signatures of 2,000,000 youths from all over the world who pledged themselves to model their lives on that of St. Aloysius.

—The Italian Society of Cardinal Ferrari invited 2,000 poor of Paris to a Christmas dinner in the Palais des Expositions. Leaders of the highest aristocracy of Italy and France served the guests. The Italian Ambassador presided. Before the dinner the Auxiliary Bishop of Paris celebrated Mass and preached.

—A small fire in the balcony of a moving picture theater in Montreal on January 9 caused a panic among the children present. In a mad rush for the door seventy-seven little lives were crushed out. All the children were Catholics and nearly all were under fifteen years of age. At the Solemn Requiem Mass for the victims the church was crowded. A special service was held in the Hochelaga Church for the little ones under seven who had not yet made their First Communion or been confirmed.

—Rev. Oscar Cramer and his twin brother were ordained at LaCrosse, Wisconsin, on January 16. Rev. Edmund Cramer is an elder brother.

—Rev. E. L. Schailer, pastor of St. Mary's Church, Warren, Ohio, who died early in January of cerebral hemorrhage, had won the esteem and affection of Catholic and non-Catholic alike. The rector of the Episcopal Church spent the night in prayer with the stricken priest; the pastors of the First Methodist Church and of the Presbyterian Church spoke in eulogy of him, while the pastor of the Episcopal Church in a sermon to his congregation paid the deceased a glowing tribute.

—Canon Thomas Doyle, who died recently at the age of 74 at Twyford Abbey, Willesdon, England, had the unique experience of having been once pronounced dead at the age of eleven. At that time a coffin had been ordered, but fortunately he recovered in time to escape burial.

—The Pious Union of Our Lady of Good Counsel is the name of a new society of religious women that has been formed under the direction of the Most Rev. Archbishop of Cincinnati. The members of the new society will devote their lives to all kinds of social service on behalf of the deaf and their families. Eleven novices, most of whom are deaf, have been invested. While a special religious habit will not be worn, the

members of the new society will be dressed similarly to professional nurses in gray uniform with black leather belt. The vows of religion will be taken, and the members will be known as sisters, but they will be called by their family names.

—Finding a scapular on a man, who had been fatally injured when his automobile skidded, a Protestant minister, who is a chaplain on the New York police force, had the charity to summon a priest to administer the sacrament of extreme unction.

—Archbishop McNicholas, O. P., inaugurated at Cincinnati a series of retreats for laymen by giving the first retreat himself.

—Mrs. Petra Mora, died at Pomona, California, in January at the great age of 122. The archives of San Gabriel Mission show that she was born on October 14, 1804. Her second husband died at the age of 108 in the year 1914. Two of her brothers, both past the century mark, also two daughters, twenty-eight grandchildren, seventy-two great grandchildren, and seven great great grandchildren survive.

—Upon the recent death of Rev. John E. Dignan, who had been pastor at Corinth, New York, for eleven years, the pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal Church and a number of other prominent Protestants inserted in a local paper a full-page "ad," bearing the caption, "Requiescat in Pace." The "ad" paid a splendid tribute to the memory of the deceased. It was stipulated therein that during the hour of the funeral all business should be suspended.

—Since 1913, when they undertook the mission, the Belgian Redemptorists have been laboring among the Ruthenian Catholics in Galicia. In order to succeed in their efforts they had to change from the Roman Rite to the Ruthenian Rite and adopt a strange language. The results of their labors are little less than marvellous. They are working likewise among the Ruthenians in Canada.

—The seventieth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood was celebrated early in January by Father Joseph Muench, of Mingolsheim, Germany. The jubilarian, who has been in the priesthood three score years and ten, and is ninety-six years of age, is said to be active physically and mentally.

—The diocese of York, in England, will celebrate its thirteenth centenary during Easter week of this year, 1927. The establishment of the diocese is reckoned from the baptism of King Edward, on Easter Sunday, 627. St. Paulinus performed the ceremony.

—At Cambridge, England, occurred the death in mid-November of Mr. George Merry, who passed away during sleep. In the thirty-two years that had passed since his conversion to the Faith he had never missed serving Sunday Mass, although in late years he was afflicted with gout and bronchitis. On the Sunday before his death he had performed his duties as master of ceremonies.

—The recent death of Harry Houdini was a distinct loss. Mr. Houdini "came before the American public as an exposé of frauds perpetuated by so-called spirit mediums," quotes the *Evangelist*. "He held that the

phenomena produced by professed mediums of various kinds, hypnotists, mesmerists, and fakers were all spurious. He exposed hundreds of professional mediums and offered \$10,000 to any medium who could produce phenomena which he could not reproduce by relying solely upon his muscular strength and agility, his physical endurance and his knowledge of mechanics. He was never called upon to pay the reward." Once, upon being accused by a local medium that he was a Catholic, he replied: "Yes, I am a Catholic! My father was a rabbi, my grandfather was a rabbi. Yes, (more emphatically), I am a Catholic and employed by the Catholic Church! Nonsense!"

—The Society of Missionary Catechists, which has its headquarters at Victory-Noll, near Huntington, Indiana, opened at Las Vegas, New Mexico, on the feast of Our Lord Jesus Christ King, a preliminary training school for postulants who desire to join the Society. A number of native, Spanish-speaking girls have entered this new training school. After the completion of their training at Victory-Noll, the mother-house, they will return to work among their own people.

—According to a survey of the N. C. W. C. Bureau of Education twenty-three Catholic colleges for women were added to the growing list of Catholic educational institutions in the United States during the past four years.

Benedictine

—Mother M. Ottilia Hass, O. S. B., of Sacred Heart Academy, Cullman, Alabama, celebrated on January 15 the golden jubilee of her profession. Among the distinguished dignitaries present were the Rt. Rev. Abbot-Primate, and Rt. Rev. Abbot Bernard Menges, O. S. B., of the near-by St. Bernard Abbey. Mother Walburga, O. S. B., of Covington, Kentucky, whence the Alabama foundation was made, herself a jubilarian, made the long journey to attend the celebration.

—Pope Pius XI has had a large silver medal struck and given to Cardinal Gasquet, O. S. B., in memory of the completion of the revision of the Book of Genesis.

—Rt. Rev. Dom Raphael Walzer, O. S. B., Archabbot of Beuron, in Germany, well known as the seat of the Beuron Art School, is at present making a tour of the eastern and northern portions of the United States in the interest of the Art School.

—*The Oblate*, (Volume I, Number 1), is the name of a small folio which will appear monthly from St. John's Abbey, Collegeville, Minnesota, for the Secular Oblates of Benedict who are affiliated with St. John's.

—Brother Edward Lonergan, aged twenty-three, a member of the Cistercian Abbey of Mt. St. Bernard, near Coalville, Leicestershire, England, met with a very tragic death on Christmas Day. Being in a hurry to kindle a fire in the tailor shop, the unfortunate Brother used petrol and paraffine, which exploded and enveloped him in flame. His body was so badly burned that death soon followed. A brief description of Mt. St. Bernard's Abbey, with illustrations, appeared in the June (1923) number of *THE GRAIL*.



AGNES BROWN HERING

MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS:—How short is the time since Christmas, and here it is March, the third month of the year. In March Winter closes its door for nine months and the hinges of Spring creak as the door of the new season begins to open slowly. Soon, in our northern climate, the grasses will begin to push their slender blades up through the hard surface, the plants will sprout, the trees unfold their buds, the flowers bloom, and all Nature will put on new life. This is not the case, however, in the southern-most parts of our extensive country where there is perpetual spring and summer.

WHAT ELSE HAS MARCH IN STORE FOR US?

The second day of March is Ash Wednesday, which opens Lent, a season of fasting, prayer, penance, and other good works. Of course, among those who need not fast are Our Boys and Girls—who are not yet twenty-one, also those that have reached their sixtieth milestone. Then there are the sick, those who have to toil hard each day, and others whom your pastors will mention when they read the Lenten Regulations.

MUST WE KEEP LENT TOO?

You have just heard who are excused from fasting, but all can keep the spirit of Lent. Now, Lent is a time of penance, we said. You will notice that during Lent the priest wears violet vestments on Sundays. That is the color which is worn in times of penance.

There are many ways in which you can do little acts of penance. One of these is ready obedience. When you are told to do a thing, if it is to be done at once, do it promptly without murmur or complaint. But remember that you must not murmur interiorly either, that is, to yourself, or you will spoil the good work in God's sight, even if your parents are edified by your prompt exterior obedience. God will not reward an act of obedience that is done unwillingly.

PENANCE THAT DOESN'T HURT!

Other acts of penance are little deeds of kindness that you can show, especially when you don't feel like doing them. Say a kind and friendly word instead of the sharp word that is on your tongue ready to kindle a big fire of anger in the heart of someone else. Be watchful, then, not to do unkind deeds or to say unfriendly words. See that you always give good example, and that not only to strangers and playmates, but also and especially at home to brothers and sisters, and to papa and mamma, too. If you don't think this is real penance, try it out all during Lent this year, and then write and tell us your experience.

PRAYER BARRELS

That you may have the strength to do the little acts of penance that are mentioned in the two foregoing paragraphs you will have to pray for the grace that you need. Strive always to pray well, attentively, and devoutly, without giving way to distraction. Remember,

when you pray, you are speaking to God. And when you speak to Him you must be well-mannered and reverent. Never say your prayers hastily through custom. Do you know what you remind me of when you rattle off the prayers that you know by heart? Did you ever hear of those poor pagans who have their prayers written on prayer barrels? Some of these prayer barrels hang in their temples. In passing by these barrels they give them a push to make them spin around. When the barrels spin, they think that their prayers are being offered up to their gods. Other prayer barrels are hung over flowing water, which keeps them constantly turning. In this way they feel that they are praying all the time. Poor pagans! They don't know any better, but Catholic boys and girls do. The next time you begin to rattle off your prayers, think of the prayer barrels, and then pray devoutly. For you, who are better instructed, it is sinful to try to pray in such a manner.—Now, see that you pray well during Lent. Go to Mass, too, if you can, every day. Maybe you can arrange to receive Holy Communion also. How fine that would be and how pleasing to God.

"MIGHT" BOXES

Another good work, which is highly recommended in Holy Scripture, is almsgiving with prayer. Do you wonder how you can give alms? It is true, you may not have much of this world's goods, and but little money to give to the poor, to the missions, or to other charitable purposes, yet you might keep a mite box handy and save for the missions the pennies and other small change that is given to you for candy, for the movies, or for other unnecessary things. If you don't know what missions to save this money for, just look at "Our Sioux Indian Missions" page, which follows the "Children's Corner." You might help one of the Benedictine Fathers named there. If you have no mite box, and want one in which to save up your Lenten pennies, write to the editor of THE GRAIL, F. Benedict, O. S. B.,



COUNTING THE LITTLE CHICKENS

St. Meinrad, Indiana, and ask him to send you one. He will be glad to do so, many mite boxes full of coins give might or power to the missionaries.

A HARVEST OF MERIT

There is scarcely any end to all the good works that you might do during Lent to keep the season holy. By the performance of good works, no matter how small they are, if they are done with the intention of pleasing God, you will prepare for yourselves not only a happy Easter, but you will also lay up for yourselves an abundance of merit in heaven. What efforts are you going to put forth to make others happy during Lent and reap for yourselves a rich harvest?

My Crucifix

A little metal crucifix,
As plain as it can be,
But only God in Heaven knows
How dear it is to me.

I have it always with me,
In every step I take;
At evening when I slumber,
At morning when I wake;

In bright or cloudy weather,
In sunshine or in rain;
In happiness or sorrow,
In pleasure or in pain.

It helps me in my struggles,
It reproves when I sin;
Its look of gentle patience
Rebukes the strife within.

In days of pain and anguish,
The greatest help I knew
Was to hold that little crucifix
Until I calmer grew;

And looking on that Figure
Which hung in patience there,
I saw the dreadful torture
Which He, in love did bear.

His feet are nailed together,
His loving arms outspread
And blood is dropping slowly
Down from His thorn-crowned head.

And how could I, then, murmur,
Or bitterly complain,
When love for me induced Him
To undergo such pain?

So when the time approaches
When I shall have to die,
I hope that metal crucifix
Will close beside me lie;

That the Holy Name of Jesus
May be the last I say,
And kissing that dear crucifix
My soul may pass away.

—Selected.

Feasts of March

The Feast of St. Gregory the Great, who was Pope from 590 to 604, when he died a holy death, falls on the 12th. It was this great Pope who sent Benedictine missionaries to England to convert that country to the Faith. The mission was a great success. England

became Catholic and remained true to the Church until the time of King Henry VIII, who fell away and gradually drew the whole country with him into apostasy. Catholics were forbidden to exercise their religion, the Mass was not permitted, the sacraments might not be received, priests were hunted like wild beasts—surely the devil tried his best to crush the Church. But he must have forgot that Christ said that His Church was built on a rock and that the gates of hell should not prevail against it. The wicked may succeed for a while, but not forever. Now there are many devout Catholics in England again and many converts come into the Church every year. The Benedictines and other religious orders are back again and have many houses in that country.

The month of March is dedicated to the good St. Joseph, who was the foster father of the Child Jesus. St. Joseph is the patron of a happy death. His feast is celebrated on the 19th. We ought to say some prayer every day in honor of St. Joseph that we may have a happy death.

Another of the feasts of March is that of St. Benedict, on the 21st. Through his Order St. Benedict has done much for the Church, and his Order is still very active. The saint was born in the year 480, more than fourteen hundred years ago, and he died at the age of 63 in 543. Benedictines are to be found all around the globe. The Benedictine monastery is patterned after the home in which dwells a large family. The Abbot is the father of monastic family. "Pax—Peace" is the motto of St. Benedict. He wants all who seek the seclusion of the monastery to find peace there. The daily chanting of the praises of God in choir is one of the principal duties of the Benedictine. In referring to this duty, the saint says in his rule, "Let nothing be preferred to the work of God." Some other time we shall tell you how the Benedictine spends the day.

The Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary occurs on the 25th. On this day we commemorate the visit of the Archangel Gabriel, whom God sent to Mary to tell her that she had been chosen to be the Mother of Jesus. More than this, the Archangel waited for her answer. And what did Mary answer? She was troubled when she heard the message, but when she understood what was the will of God in her regard, she replied: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it done unto me according to thy word." At that moment "the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us." By the Word Christ is meant.

The Annunciation

In a cottage wee and lowly
Knelt the Virgin Mary fair;
From on high an angel holy
Came to interrupt her prayer.

Looking up, the Virgin started
With a sudden, dread surprise,
When she saw the light that darted
From the angel's wondrous eyes.

"Full of grace," the angel's greeting,
Fell in accents soft and sweet,
Whilst the Maid, with look retreating
Knelt all frightened at his feet.

From the realms of bliss above,
"Fear not, Mary, God has sent me
That in haste I might proclaim thee
Mother of the King of Love."

For reply the angel waited,
While the Virgin bowed her head
And in tones with reverence freighted,
"May God's will be done," she said.

Rev. J. C. Rene, S. J., in *The Compass*.

Who is St. Joseph?

The following quotations were compiled by Cardinal Vaughan:

- He is the adopted father of the God-Man.—St. Luke.
- He is the most faithful coadjutor of the Incarnation.—St. Bernard.
- He is one whose office belongs to the order of the Hypostatic Union.—Suarez.
- He is the Lord and Master of the Holy Family.—St. Bernardine.
- He is the only one found worthy among men to be the Spouse of Mary.—St. Gregory.
- He is the consoler of Mary in her sorrows and trials.—St. Bernard.
- He is the savior of the life of the Infant.—St. Matthew.
- He is the savior of the honor of Christ's Mother.—St. Jerome.
- He is the man who lived 30 years with Jesus and Mary. He is the man more loved by Jesus and Mary than any other creatures.—St. Isidore.
- He is the third person of the earthly trinity.—Gersen.
- He is the model and image of apostolic men.—St. Hilary.
- He is more an angel than a man in conduct.—Lapide.
- He is the model of priests and superiors.—Albertus Magnus.
- He is the master of prayer and of the interior life.—St. Teresa Lallemon.
- He is the guardian of chastity and the honor of virginity.—St. Augustine.
- He is the leader of the great procession of the afflicted.—Avia.
- He is the patron of the married state.—Paul de Pal.
- He is the procurator of the Church of God.—Little Office of St. Joseph.
- He is the patron of a happy death.—St. Alphonsus.
- He is the patron of the Universal Catholic Church.—Decree S.C.R.
- Exchange.

Letter Box

(All letters for the LETTER BOX should be addressed to Agnes Brown Hering, Royal, Nebraska.)

Let us have many more interesting letters. The ball is rolling. Keep it a-going. Don't forget to follow the instructions that are here given for your guidance:

Write with pen and ink, or on typewriter, on one side only of paper. If you use pen and ink, be sure to write so that the editor can read your letter.

Leave a margin of one inch at the left edge of the paper, and one-half inch at the right edge.

Sign your name at right of paper, and age at left.

Use correct English.

Take care not to misspell any words.

MESSAGES FROM CORNERITES

Dear Aunt Agnes:

I am sending you this little letter which I hope will miss the wastebasket.

I am thirteen years old and go to St. Agnes School. This is the first letter I have written. I would like Catherine Barrett to write me a letter about her motor trip. I would also like to hear from other girls and boys.

I also approve of Josephine Hafner's plan about the pins. I would be very glad to wear one. I will now close my letter. Hope I am admitted to corner.

Mary Leo, 4027 So. Campbell Ave., Chicago, Illinois.

Dear Aunt Agnes:

I am a new reader of the Corner and would like to have some girls about my age to write to me. I am sixteen years old, and in my third year at High School.

I have only been here in California about six months. I came from Montana. I was born there and have lived there all my life until I came down here.

I have no brothers or sisters, and I would love to correspond with some more of the Cornerites, girls and boys.

Sincerely, Mary Kelly, 304 Talbart St., Martinez, Calif.

Dear Miss Hering:—

My aunt, who lives in Berkeley, has been sending me the "Grail" for the past six months, and I find it a most enjoyable pastime reading the magazine, especially the "Children's Corner."

Now, to introduce myself. I am fourteen years old and, if I were attending school, would be in the first year of high school. The reason I do not attend is because I have a weak heart and am obliged to rest most of the time. My real home is in San Francisco, but on account of my heart we had to come down here, so I would not have social activities, school, and such things, to worry, or excite me. While in the city, I had been attending the College of Notre Dame, and if we go back to San Francisco I will again attend it.

I will close now, hoping to hear from many of the boys and girls of the "Corner." Fondly,

Ellen I. Wolf, 106 Glen Una Drive, Los Gatos, Calif.

Dear Aunt Agnes:

I sure would like to be a friend of all the Cornerites. I am very fond of corresponding and sure hope I'll be admitted.

Please, now, all you boys and girls get busy with your "pen and ink" and drop me a line.

Gee, but I could tell you a lot about Kentucky, so don't be afraid to write to me.

Your new niece, Louise Blank, 1124 Holman St., Covington, Ky.

P. S. May I add that I am eighteen years old?

Dear Aunt Agnes:

One of my longing desires is to be a Cornerite. I sure would like to be admitted.

I am almost eighteen years old, hoping I am not too old to be a member and that I will receive a great many letters from the Cornerites, both boys and girls. I will now close and patiently wait to see my letter in print. Amelia Wessendorf, 13 E. 15 St., Covington, Ky.

Dear Aunt Agnes:

A bad penny always returns, so here I am again. We do not take the "Grail," so, I can not read the letters of the other Cornerites, but that does not stop me from writing to you. If you do not put this in print, or, just the opposite, I will never know it. I wish with all my heart this will escape Mr. Waste-paper-basket.

How can I ever thank you for printing my letter I sent you a long, long time ago. I received so many letters, I regret to say I couldn't answer them all, but hope to do so in the future.

I would like very much to know what became of Josephine Hafner's suggestion of pins or badges for the Cornerites. Do you not think if we had a sort of a club and paid dues by the week, month or year, and then at Christmas time sent it to some "Home" would be a good idea? I hope you will not think me too forward in making such a suggestion.

Oh! now you might not let me be a Cornerite, and I wanted to be one so bad. I hope you will forgive me this time, I remain

Mary V. T. Aikens, 3136 Edgemont St., Philadelphia.

Dear Aunt Agnes,

I have been trying to get up enough courage to write. But did not succeed till now. I would like to be admitted to the corner.

I do not take the "Grail." But one of my girl friends lets me take it. I think it is a splendid paper.

I was quite interested in the "Mary Rose Graduate" story.

I am thirteen years old. I go to St. Charles' School in Bellows Falls, Vt., which is near North Walpole.

I think I have written enough for my first letter. I hope this letter will be printed, but it will more likely make friends with the wastebasket.

I would like to have some girls write to me. I will answer all letters.

Your new niece, Rosemary McGivney, 26 Church St., North Walpole, N. H.

Dear Aunt Agnes,

We have been taking the "Grail" for two years but I did not have the courage to write.

I like Josephine Hafner's idea also about the pins, and I hope it will be carried out. I would be willing to give any amount of money needed.

I attend St. Mary's School and am 11 years old, in sixth Grade.

I should be very glad to receive any correspondents at all. Well, I will close now, hoping to receive some Letter Box friends, I remain,

Yours truly, May L. Fish, 400 South Broadway, Gloucester, N. J.

Dear Aunt Agnes,

I read the "Grail" and I like it very much, especially the Children's Corner.

I am eight years old.

I never had such a laugh in my life until my mother read "A Stomach's Diary."

My mother has been sick in Saint Frances hospital and was very ill for awhile.

The letter Ruth Gamble wrote was very interesting to read and I hope I'll see mine in the book for February.

I would like to know if any girl at the age of eight wrote in to you.

Sending my love to you and others, I am, Your new friend, Betty Taul. (No address given.)

Dear Aunt Agnes:

We have received the Grail for the last few months. I love to read the letters in the "Corner" and so I would also like to become a cornerite.

I am fifteen years of age and a second year pupil at Saint Mary's Commercial Course taught by the Sisters of Saint Agnes.

I would like some of the Cornerites to correspond with me. I would gladly answer letters.

Hoping my letter will be printed, I am, Your new niece, Marie Krieter, S. Wood St., Crown Point, Ind.

Button Winners

Dear Agnes—

We have just subscribed for the "Grail" and the first issue we received was the one for November, 1926. It contained many interesting features, but the one which attracted my attention was the "Children's Corner."

I noticed that some of the boys and girls corresponded with each other. I would like to receive letters from some of these members. I will answer any that I may receive.

I am 15 years old and attend Saint Marys High School, of Hyde Park, Cincinnati. I belong to the Glee Club, and play with the Linwood Big Five, of the Inter-Class League. At this writing we are in first place. All the high schools of Cincinnati are organizing these leagues for the purpose of bringing out more boys for athletics. I would like to receive a "Fidelity Pin." I am trying to interest some of my friends in subscribing

for the Grail. Well, I will close now, hoping to see this letter published and to hear from some of the members.

Yours truly, George Reynolds, 1755 Hopkins Ave., Norwood, Ohio.

Dear Aunt Agnes,

Slow but sure! I guess that is "me" all over. First of all, let me thank you for publishing my letter in your wonderful "Corner," thus helping me to gain new friends of whom I am justly proud.

This time I shall try to make my letter more interesting by telling you of a trip I took to Lake Arrowhead last year.

Lake Arrowhead is over a mile high, about 21 miles from San Berdoo (San Bernardino) and is a very beautiful place because of its scenery, modern hotel, cabins, drug store, theatre, etc. But to reach this place one must travel up a very steep and rather narrow road, and what makes it more thrilling is the fact that there are quite a number of sharp, steep turns which must be taken slowly because of the danger of slipping over the precipice. But the view from certain points along the way is too wonderful for words. Especially so in one place where you can see hills and trees beneath, and in the distance, in the valley below, the buildings of San Berdoo. It is a view which thrills the heart, and fills one with the beauty of nature.

We, that is, two boys, two girls and two women, started from the K. of C. hall at noon on Saturday, and arrived at our destination, a cabin a mile and a half from the Lake at 7:30 P. M. with no mishap, save for two tires which went on a strike while we were still on the desert.

About 10:30 P. M. we drove up to the Lake, intending to attend a dance, but were sadly disappointed as the orchestra failed to appear. So, after strolling around the various places, we drove back to the cabin and retired at 3 A. M., but owing to the fact that the place was strange and because of the gurgling of the stream across the road, the sound of the wind through the trees, and the constant cawing of the blue jays, I, for one, found it impossible to sleep.

Around 10 A. M. we four young people drove up to the Lake, rented a motor boat, and had a wonderful time skimming over the water as fast as we could. But alas! soon it began to get cold and the waves got high and soaked us, while the clouds enveloped everything around. We finally docked, and after declining a proposal to go horseback riding, and as the clouds were getting more dense, we drove back to the cabin.

At 3 P. M. we decided to hit the trail for home. We had to be oh! so careful, because the clouds were so heavy we could barely see a machine ahead of us, and it certainly made us tingle with excitement as we slowly descended the steep grades. On one side there was a big wall and on the other, oh! it seemed as though that was the rim of the world, for all we could see was the end of the road, a tree near the edge and clouds which appeared like the sky or something indescribable. As the trip down the hill was slow and laborious, I must admit that it felt as though we were going to slip off into space any minute.

But we reached the bottom safely, and no sooner did our sighs of relief fade away when the machine suddenly stopped and we had to be towed all the way to Los Angeles, the distance of about 65 miles.

But regardless of all these things, I can truthfully say, a wonderful time was had by all.

With love to all the "Cornerites," and best wishes for a bigger and livelier "Corner," I remain, Your Western Niece, Florence M. Rottner, 4915 Wadsworth St., Los Angeles, Calif.

Go to Benediction Often

Benediction with the Blessed Sacrament is the blessing of our Lord in the Holy Eucharist. The Sacred Host is exposed for a short time on the altar, during which the faithful present engage in acts of adoration, praise and thanksgiving, and toward the end receive the blessing with the Blessed Sacrament. As Jesus Christ is really present in the Sacred Host, it is He who blesses. Attend this devotion as often as possible. The spiritual benefits are very great, as may easily be understood from the fact that you are in the presence of the Eucharistic Christ. He there awaits the homage of His children, hears their devout prayers, and gives them His blessing. To the good, practical Catholic, there is nothing so touching and consoling, so full of encouragement and strength as this rite. There is something in it which softens the hardest sinner, which warms the coldest heart, which makes the indifferent fervent, and the weak strong; something so heavenly that we always come away from this beautiful service richer in love and mercy and goodness, richer in everything that makes for Heaven, than when we entered. To be present at Benediction is like spending some time in the company with Jesus and conversing with Him. It is a moment of divine companionship, and it brings into our lives a spiritual, wealth, which never could come by any other means.—Rev. G. Heinz.

The Golden Prison

Weep not for me, when I am gone,
Nor spend thy faithful breath
In grieving o'er the spot or hour
Of all-enshrouding death;

Nor waste in idle praise thy love
On deeds of head or hand,
Which live within the Living Book,
Or else are writ in sand;



GROUP OF BOYS AT SEVEN DOLORS INDIAN MISSION

Second boy to right is little Joseph Leftbear who died recently. After receiving his last Holy Communion, a few moments before his death, Joseph said to Father Ambrose: "Father, when I go to heaven I am going to ask Our Lord to give my little companions a new church." No doubt Joseph is now at the throne of God asking the good Jesus to touch the hearts of the boys and girls who read "The Grail" to help rebuild the church. And they are going to help, too, aren't they?

But let it be the best of prayers,
That I may find the grace
To reach the holy house of toll,
The frontier penance-place—

To reach that golden palace bright,
Where souls elect abide,
Waiting their curtain call to heaven,
With angels at their side;

Where hate, nor pride, nor fear torments
The transitory guest,
But in the willing agony
He plunges, and is blest.

And as the fainting patriarch gain'd
His needful halt mid-way,
And then refresh'd pursued his path,
When up the mount it lay,

So pray, that, rescued from the storm
Of heaven's eternal ire,
I may lie down, then rise again,
Safe, and yet saved by fire.

—CARDINAL NEWMAN.

Exchange Smiles

Pupil—"Do you think I'll be able to do anything with my voice?"

Teacher—"Might come in handy in case of fire."

Willie was dejectedly walking home from school and his woebegone appearance attracted the attention of a kind-hearted old lady.

"What is troubling you, my little man?" she asked.

"Dyspepsia and rheumatism," replied Willie.

"Why, that's absurd," remarked the old lady. "How can that be?"

"Teacher kept me in after school because I couldn't spell them," was Willie's dismal answer.

Bishop to small boy—
"I will give you an orange
if you tell me where God
is."

Small boy—"My lord, I
will give you two oranges
if you tell me where He
is not."

Hostess — "Does your
mother allow you to have
two pieces of pie at
home?"

Willie — "No, ma'am,
but she wouldn't care
here, because this is not
her pie."

Mrs. Jones: Mrs. Brown
did you know that your
dog bit my little Jimmie?

Mrs. Brown: Not the
little boy who had the
scarlet fever?

Mrs. Jones: Yes.

Mrs. Brown: Mrs.
Jones, if anything hap-
pens to Fido, I'll never
forgive you.

Things "turn up" chief-
ly for the one who digs.
A good spade and an in-
dustrious arm are great
aids to "luck."

Our Sioux Indian Missions

Conducted by CLARE HAMPTON

EDITOR'S NOTE:—Our Sioux Indian Missions comprise three districts among the Dakota, or Sioux, Indians. Rt. Rev. Bishop Martin Marty, O. S. B., (d. 1896), the great Apostle of the Dakota Indians, inaugurated these missions.

Father Ambrose Mattingley, O. S. B., whose headquarters are at Seven Dolores Mission, Fort Totten, N. D., takes care of the district in North Dakota.

In South Dakota we have two mission districts. One of these is at Stephan, S. D., with Fathers Pius Boehm, O. S. B., and Justin Snyder, O. S. B., in charge. Freight and express should be sent to Stephan via Highmore, S. D.

The third district is at Marty, S. D., St. Paul's Mission, where Father Sylvester Eisenman, O. S. B., is stationed. Express and freight should be sent to Marty via Ravinia, S. D.

Little Joseph Left Bear Dead

Do you remember the picture in a former issue of THE GRAIL of a little Indian boy lying in bed, with a picture of the Little Flower at his pillow? He, too, was ill of tuberculosis; he battled with it for a long time, and for awhile, it seemed, he was recovering. But now, alas, we hear the poor little fellow was called to a better home on the day after New Year's. He is survived by his sister Martha, and his good old aunt, Mrs. Blacktiger, who, though very poor herself, yet grieved bitterly over the loss of her little nephew, whose father and mother are both dead. Some good people sent Little Joseph Christmas presents, which made his last few days on earth wonderfully happy. The good people who sent them to him will never be forgotten, for Little Joseph is praying for them now beside the Throne of God.

The Crying Need

We all know how the work of fifty-two years' heart-breaking missionary struggle went up in smoke on the Saturday before Christmas. We have read how the buildings all burned down to the ground, leaving only the gaunt brick chimneys standing, two-stories high, like sad sentinels, mourning over the building they once helped to warm.

The poor children are scattered far and wide now; some went to the Government school—as many as could be received—the rest were obliged to go to their cold, cheerless homes on the various reservations. They cry and beg Father Ambrose to take them back to their old school, but Father has nowhere to put them. Is it not heart-breaking? And the good nuns, who for fifty-two years have been more than mothers to these poor, neglected children, are crowded in Father Ambrose's two-room cottage—ten of them. There were fifteen, but on account of the lack of accommodations five were obliged to go back to their motherhouse. The ten are still trying to do what good they can with their limited means.

Little Missionaries

Now is the time for all the little boys and girls, who love to read about the missions, to get organized for some real work. Wouldn't it give you pleasure to know that you are helping some poor little Indian child to

know God better—helping Father Ambrose to feed, clothe, and educate children whose lives would otherwise be very sad and unhappy? Listen what little Marian Gillman writes in from Kansas City. She is going to ask her teacher, Sister N—, to help her get up a cake sale. All the children in the room are to bring a cake baked by their mothers, and these cakes will be sliced up and sold at recess and noontime, down in the basement hall, at 5¢ per slice. She hopes to get a lot of money to help the poor little children of Seven Dolores Mission to get a new school and church. Imagine how you would feel if your church and school burned down, and there was nowhere to go? Wouldn't you feel strange and sad? Who will be the first to imitate Marian Gillman? Write us all about it, and we will print your letter, and if you have a picture of yourself, send it in too, so others will be encouraged to follow your good example.

Sale of Bead Work

Quite a good deal of the bead work, sent in by Father Ambrose to sell for his mission, has been sold, but there are still a good many pieces left. Who will purchase some of this genuine Indian work and thus help to raise again the church and school so sorely needed at Seven Dolores Mission?

Ladies' and men's moccasins, \$2.00; children's moccasins, \$1.00; beautiful long woven neck beads, 75¢ and \$1.00; doll cap, (for large Mamma doll) beautifully beaded, 75¢; handbags, beaded buckskin and rubber, with fringe, 75¢ to \$3.00; silk puff purses, 25¢; boudoir caps, 35¢; flower clusters, 35¢; bib aprons, 50¢.

Send in your orders to CLARE HAMPTON, 3318 Virginia Ave., St. Louis, Mo. Orders promptly executed, and you will not only be purchasing something well worth the money, but assisting the poor—God's especial friends.

Names of Indian Children

In the October issue of THE GRAIL we inserted a small article, asking if anyone would like to write to some of the Indian boys and girls out at Father Sylvester's Mission. Evidently a great many people felt the kindly impulse to make these children a little happier by sending them interesting and friendly letters, as a great number wrote in for names. Many also stated that they would send these children gifts from time to time.

Now, these names were supplied in order to stimulate a personal interest in these most worthy children—to bring them closer to the hearts of our good Catholic people in the States. As these children are very poor, and have nothing but what the good missionaries supply, a thoughtful gift would be some stationery, pencils, and stamps, so the children might have wherewith to reply to their kind friends. Then, as the school year is in full swing, and anyone having children at school knows how fast paper, pencils, pens, erasers, and other school supplies are used up, will realize what it means to good Father Sylvester to keep supplying these things. A timely gift of tablets and pencils every now and then would hardly be noticed by the donors, as they are inexpensive, but to Father Sylvester it would mean a great deal to receive a little help like this. Some people may even be connected with paper houses or printing

concerns, where cheap scratch blocks of all sizes may be obtained at nominal prices. These would be most welcome to the children, and mean a great saving to the missionary, who has to buy these things.

Each person, who wrote in, received six or eight names of children. Suppose each kind writer took one of these names every two or three weeks, and sent a letter and some school supplies—two or three tablets, some pencils, a dictionary, composition book, pencil box, etc.—any one of these articles would not only bring great pleasure to the small recipient, but also be of real help. Or some lady might, in the course of a shopping tour, come across some sale where materials for dresses are advertised cheap. Would it not give her pleasure to purchase three or four yards and send it on to a little Indian girl, for the Sisters to make a dress of? Or in the case of a boy, a woolen remnant for knickerbockers, or stockings, or a warm cap, or a pair of gloves?

Charity Rewarded

Everyone loves to help the poor—in fact, Our Lord expects it of us. Has He not given us a list of corporal works of mercy to perform, and one of spiritual works besides? Whoever writes to bring joy to the little ones of the missions, and sends a useful gift besides, is performing both a spiritual and a corporal work of mercy. And what is the promise to those who perform them? Oh, it is a sublime promise, made by One who never goes back on His word. Won't you feel proud on the last day, when Our Lord singles you out from among the multitude, and says, "Come to me, my beloved, to the mansion which is prepared for you; I was naked and you clothed Me; I was hungry and you gave Me to eat; I was lonely and sad, and you comforted Me." And you will be surprised, and say, "When, Lord? When did I do all these things?" And He will incline His benign Head and smile down upon you, and indicate a multitude of children from the missions, clothed in shining white—souls saved by reason of the mission work made possible through the charity of kind Catholics—and He will reply, "Whatsoever you did to these, my little ones, you did to Me!" And astonished, you will enter the Shining Gates, and say what so many of the saints have cried out at their last moment—"So much for so little!"

Our Lord is generous—witness the testimonials of countless people who have written in to the missionaries, that the most wondrous blessing and good luck follows each gift to the missions. "I am not a Catholic," wrote one lady, "but I am sending you \$5.00, because, somehow, every time I send you something, we receive some blessing in our family." This reminds us very forcibly of a saying of the Apostle St. Paul: "He who soweth in blessings, shall also reap blessings."—2 Cor. 9:6.

"I think Our Lord takes especial care of our family and home," writes another, "because of the little donations I make you from time to time. We always feel a distinct blessing every time we make one—for instance: The other night two of our neighbors were robbed, and we ourselves did not come home until eleven o'clock, yet our house was untouched—and, I discovered our front door had been left unlocked the whole time!"

Another gave thanks because her three children were preserved from scarlet fever, although the woman in the flat below had it for six weeks, and it was summer, and all the windows downstairs were open all day. And yet another felt that God had specially protected her, because when a bank collapsed her deed was found to be valid, although countless other folks held fraudulent ones. And so on, and so on—the examples are too numerous to mention. Our Lord never allows Himself to be outdone in generosity. One can feel His love and goodness as a real, living, breathing thing.

Those Sewing Machines

Now, with the advent of the electric sewing machine, the price of which has steadily gone down to such an extent that even people in very moderate circumstances can afford them, the foot-power sewing machine is being gradually discarded. Doubtless, many of our readers are contemplating discarding their foot-power machines and replacing them with electrics.

Every woman knows what a pleasure it is to sit down to a light, perfect-running machine with a beautiful stitch. The time passes all too quickly, and we feel that we could sew indefinitely; how we hate those interruptions, those rings at the doorbell, or the phone, or "the gang" coming home hungry and noisy from school. Imagine, then, the Sisters at Immaculate Conception Mission, trying to sew for 105 children on one shaky, dilapidated machine, so afflicted with the "rattles," that every time they try to sew a garment on it, they are afraid the poor thing is going to fly to pieces! What time is lost every time some part misbehaves, and they must stop to readjust it—and it does not misbehave only once in awhile, but every few minutes. How much work can be done on a machine like that, when there is a pile of cut-out garments waiting to be sewed together, and garments in use are being worn out at elbows and knees faster than new ones can be made to replace them?

Father Justin Snyder estimates, that, to do the sewing at the Mission properly, about six machines would be needed. Now, if you will turn to the sewing machine "ads" of the department stores, you will find listed, foot-power sewing machines for as low as \$5.00 and \$10.00. These have been gone over and put in first-class order, being machines which have been turned in as part payment on an electric. Who will be willing to purchase one of these machines, and send it by freight to Immaculate Conception Mission? Do you know what an ecstasy is? Well, that is what you would throw the nuns and girls into, if they saw a perfectly good, healthy machine unloaded at their door. But—be sure to prepay the freight, as Father might not have it handy, and then the freight office would hold it indefinitely, and—what good is a crated-up sewing machine standing in some dark corner of the warehouse? That has happened before. Some people sent boxes of garments, which were sorely needed at the mission, but did not prepay the charges, and because the missionary did not have the change on hand, the boxes were held up at the warehouse.

Don't Forget the Prizes

Don't forget the prizes we have offered for good and zealous children who will get up cake, popcorn, or candy sales for the benefit of our missions. Every child who sends in \$5.00 or more will receive a prize; if the money comes from some school as a whole, the school will receive an appropriate prize. For mission addresses, write CLARE HAMPTON, 3318 Virginia Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

The Pope's Clown

Visitors were pouring in from all directions for the Eucharistic Congress at Chicago. The Cardinals, who had just arrived on the red train, were being greeted by the many thousands who lined the streets to see them pass. Even workmen on the unfinished towering skyscraper paused to look at the unusual spectacle. "Here comes the Pope's circus!" exclaimed one who could not conceal his bigotry. "Yes, and I'm his clown," chimed in Pat, who was standing by. "Take that as a souvenir home with you!" he continued as he decorated the countenance of the offender with a black eye.

Catholic Students' Mission Crusade

ST. MEINRAD SEMINARY UNIT

Vocations to Priestly and Religious Life

Although our Divine Savior deigned to bless the earth at one time by His own loving presence, He has nevertheless chosen to continue His work of salvation through the instrumentality of others. The kingdom of Christ on earth must be spread and supported by the Master's servants. The Gospel must be preached, and the grace-imparting Sacraments administered by those whom Christ has chosen to labor in His stead. With all due credit to the great army of Christian peoples who are the support and mainstay of mission work, we must admit that the greater burden is borne by those who devote their whole lives to the cause, especially priests and religious. In this short paper we shall say a few words about vocations to the priestly and to the religious life.

How many zealous and pure-hearted boys, how many pious and sweet-souled girls are even now wondering what they can give or do for the God whom they love so much? And how many men and women now already past the springtime of life long to do something for the cause of Christ and know not where to begin? The most noble gift is that of self. Prayers are wonderful, moral support invaluable, financial contribution indispensable—but the gift of flawless purity is the offering of one's own person and days to the work of Christ.

Perhaps the next greatest sacrifice is the giving to God of one who is near and dear to us. This is especially the case with parents. Parents should look upon a vocation in one of their sons or daughters as a blessing on the family. If parents would only look upon vocations with the eyes of faith, they would encourage signs of priestly or religious vocation in their children; at least they would allow no word or deed of theirs to hinder the divine call. We have known good fathers and mothers to pray that God would bestow a vocation upon a little one soon to be born into the family; holy Christian mothers have been known to present their first-born before the altar, freely offering up the precious infant, if God should wish to bless it with a call to the priesthood or to the religious life.

Those who do not feel themselves called to such a life and who have no children of their own to give to God, may find opportunity to enkindle, encourage, or develop vocations in others. Many boys of talent and good moral character fail to answer the divine call for want of sympathetic direction. Often little girls, of innocence and promise, look upon the religious life as something so holy as to be utterly beyond their grasp. A tactful word of instruction may awaken to life the germ of a smothering vocation. In regard to those who have already begun the course of preparation for the priesthood or religion, a kind word, a show of interest, a little encouragement, a bit of timely advice,—any of these may hearten a flagging aspirant and give him the courage to go forward toward the goal.

We have often pondered over the beauties of grand

structures; we have been overpowered by thought of building up striking architectural monuments. But the throwing into form of a few parts of stone and mortar is a lowly work compared to the building up of human characters. To watch over a little soul, fashioned by the Creator in the mold of His own image, endowed with admirable faculties and illumined with a spark of divine intelligence, and to help that little soul to grow up onto the fullness of Christian manhood or womanhood is a labor almost too sacred for contemplation. And how better can one mold or fashion a human soul than by helping it grow into a subject of God's special call? How better than by forming it into an image of the Lamb to be laid upon the altar of sacrifice as a pure holocaust to the God of Hosts?

To conclude, Christ needs men and women to carry on His mission in this world. The highest offering one can make is that of self. Those who cannot offer themselves should be happy to give up those who are near and dear to them; especially should parents welcome a vocation in one of their children. And every one can help to swell Christ's army by encouraging and supporting likely candidates for the priestly and the religious life.

† Father Bernard †

The Death Angel has snatched another victim from the midst of our community. This time he took a priest, Father Bernard Heichelbech, O. S. B., who calmly breathed his last at Jasper on Saturday evening, February 12, at 6.45. Early in the morning of the same day Father Basil, pastor of St. Joseph's Church, which is near by, had administered the last sacraments. Endocarditis (heart failure) is said to have been the cause of death. The funeral was held from the parish church at Jasper on Wednesday morning. Father Basil celebrated the Solemn Requiem and Father Chrysostom, now pastor at Dale, but for many years Father Bernard's faithful assistant at Jasper College, preached the funeral sermon. The large church, which seats 1400, was filled to overflowing. Father Bernard, who had been prominent also in civic affairs, was held in high regard. Besides many other tokens of esteem that were manifested, numerous were the requests that were made for Masses for the repose of his soul.

Quite a large number of automobiles accompanied the remains to St. Meinrad from Jasper, which is thirty miles distant. In passing through Mariah Hill halt was made at the church where the deceased had been baptized. On Thursday morning at 8 o'clock the Office of the Dead was chanted in choir in the Abbey Church. This was followed at 8:45 by a Pontifical Requiem, of which Father Abbot was celebrant, with Fathers Aemilian and Norbert, of Jasper College as deacon and subdeacon respectively. The body was then borne to the monks' cemetery where it was laid to rest among those of the brethren who had gone on before. The professors and students of Jasper College attended the funeral, as did also secular and regular clergy from the neighborhood, besides relatives, and many friends from Jasper and elsewhere.

Father Bernard, a native of Indiana, was born on July 29, 1867, at Mariah Hill, a few miles distant from St. Meinrad. The name of Francis Heichelbech appears for the first time on the pages of the College annual for 1880-1881. On July 19, 1885, he was professed as Fr. Bernard, and on May 31, 1890, the priesthood was conferred upon him. The thirty-seven years of his priestly life were spent at Jasper College, of which he had been rector since 1895. Being of a very congenial disposition, Father Bernard had a host of friends, not only among the alumni of Jasper College, but especially at Jasper itself where he had lived and labored so long. God grant him eternal rest!

Abbey and Seminary

—In mid-January a modern "Samson" appeared on our stage to give us a demonstration of some feats that may be accomplished by a man with powerful physique and muscles trained for such performances. The bending of half-inch and inch steel bars U-shaped over the teeth of the lower jaw, then twisting these forms into various other shapes with the hands; the pushing of a spike by sheer force through a solid, two-inch plank, and that with the bare hand, were several of the "stunts" pulled off before many pairs of wondering eyes.

—Faithful to an ancient vow, the student body made its annual pilgrimage to Monte Cassino on January 13th to offer up a Mass of thanksgiving in honor of Our Lady for preservation from smallpox in the long ago.

—The Hilger Sisters, who had just returned from a tour of Europe, and were on their way to St. Louis, stopped off on January 19th to entertain us with exquisite music. Hearty encores greeted each number on the program. The violin, cello, and piano were the instruments used.

—The patron feast of the Abbey and town, St. Meinrad, was celebrated on January 21st with customary solemnity. Pontifical High Mass, of which Father Abbot was the celebrant, and the beautiful harmonies that came from young voices in the gallery choir, were outstanding features of the festivity. Out-of-doors it was not so pleasant. The weather man had in store for us an abundance of rain, and then some, with the Anderson out of its banks and over the valley.

—The night of January 23rd brought us one whose visits are extremely few and far between, Father Ambrose Mattingley, O. S. B., our Indian missionary at Fort Totten, North Dakota. Father Ambrose found it necessary to go east in quest of funds for the rebuilding of his mission church and school, which were destroyed by fire seven days before Christmas. He seized the opportunity to spend a day "at home" while passing this way. The thirty-eight years of his priesthood seem to rest lightly on his shoulders. The vigor of youth is still pulsating through his veins. Despite many hardships and a rigorous climate, possibly because of these, he looks well and retains his good humor. It is a pity that we haven't an assistant to send him to help in the cultivation of his extensive mission field.

—With the passing of January there passed also into oblivion—the semester examinations. They went off *more solito*, we dare say, as examinations usually go—with a sigh of relief to student and professor alike.

—The first annual retreat for the priests and the clerics of the community opened on February 6th and closed on the 11th. Very Rev. Alfred Mayer, O. S. B., Prior of St. John's Abbey, in Minnesota, conducted the spiritual exercises. Just twenty-five years ago Prior Alfred held the annual retreat at the Abbey. Rev. Method Porwoll, O. S. B., a member of St. John's Mission Band, preached the retreat for the students of College and Seminary. Spiritually renewed, all have taken up the work of the second semester with fresh vigor. The Brothers of the community made their retreat the week following under the guidance of our Very Rev. Father Prior, Lucas Gruwe.

—During the first half of February Father Hilary had a severe spell of illness with persistent high temperature. After struggling valiantly and good naturedly he is rapidly coming back to "normalcy."

—The twenty-ninth anniversary of the death of our former Abbot Fintan occurred on February 14th. Father Abbot celebrated the customary Pontifical Requiem.

—Work began in real earnest on February 15 on the new road that will connect us with Highway 62.

Book Notices

Living for God. A book for Religious by Sister Marie Paula, Ph. D., College of Mt. St. Vincent, N. Y. 12mo. Cloth. Price, \$1.50. Benziger Brothers, publishers.

Here is a book that treats religious life in a very practical manner. No doubt it will be read with great benefit not only by sisters, for whom it is written, and also by men, not only by novices but also by veterans. It brings back to the latter that simple, childlike spirit with which they were once filled. We recommend it warmly.

A. B.

The Castle of San Salvo. By Isabel Clarke 8vo, cloth. Price, \$2.00. Benziger Brothers, New York, 36-38 Barclay St.

Can a woman love two men at the same time? This is the plot which the authoress handles in her usual masterly style in this her latest novel. It holds the reader's interest to the last page.

A. B.

His Father's Way. By Rev. C. F. Donovan. Joseph H. Meier, Publisher. 64 W. Randolph St., Chicago. Price, \$2.00.

This is a story that fascinates. It is full of life and interest. The reader will agree with the hero of the story, James Stuart, in doing it "his Father's way."

A. B.

Among the recent publications of the Catholic Truth Society of London is a booklet entitled "The Congregation of the Assumption," which in five brief chapters treats of the Congregation of the Assumption and of its foundress Mère Marie Eugénie de Jesus. Her love for the liturgy of the Church inspired the venerated foundress to adopt the Roman Breviary, which is said each day in choir, although hers is a teaching Congregation. Copies of this booklet may be obtained at 15 cents each from the convent of the Assumption, Raven Hill, Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa.



Conducted by CLARE HAMPTON

Hidden Gold

CHAPTER IX

MADAME RESUMES

JASPER had scarcely alighted from the bus at the corner when he perceived Maud running down the street to meet him.

"Oh, Daddy Valens!" she cried excitedly. "Madame is home, and the dog is lost, and she is awfully angry. She rushed through the house, and almost pulled everything to pieces looking for him, but he isn't anywhere. I've looked and looked all over the neighborhood, and she said you and I should have watched him better, and she scolded me so, I was afraid to come back in the house." Jasper wrinkled his brow and looked over his glasses anxiously during Maud's recital. It was always so, he thought. Whenever he had that queer, uneasy feeling, something was wrong.

"The best thing would be to put an 'ad' in the paper," was all he said, though all sorts of thoughts were surging through his head. He had an innate hatred of scenes and word battles, and he knew that his best weapon would be silence.

"How could he have got out?" he asked, presently.

"Well, you see, the laundress was there today, and I suppose he slipped out while she was there, and she did not notice him."

They entered the house and closed the door softly, both with their eyes directed toward the Salon. No one was to be seen; so they entered the Salon, and Madame was at the farther end, arranging a new "creation" on a wax model. As Jasper approached her, she paid no attention to him, but, with mouth full of pins, kept on draping some shimmering lavender material on the figure.

"Cynthy, I'm very sorry to hear about the dog, and I'm sorry too, that I wasn't in when you called up. I was at the hospital, and felt very disappointed to find you gone." For answer, she turned to Annie, nodded her head, and indicated some boxes with her hand. Then she turned to her work again, without so much as a glance at Jasper. He stood nonplussed and uncomfortable, but did not move a step, though Annie had brought the five boxes and laid them on a chair for him to deliver. He could not persuade himself to go without saying something to break the tense situation.

"My dear," he began again, gently, "you ought not to

go right to work like this so soon after coming back. Don't you think you ought to rest for a few days and let Annie handle things until you are perfectly rested?" For answer she glared at him with nostrils dilated, then tossed her head and went on working. A seamstress came to her side with a silken garment and asked a timid question about the work. Madame turned frowning eyes upon it. Shaking her head in annoyance, she ruthlessly ripped apart with her hands a carefully made seam and tossed the garment into the seamstress' arms.

"Give that to Annie, and tell her to give you some simple basting to do. I've never seen such stupidity!" The woman flushed hotly and walked away without a word. Jasper felt the blood mounting his own cheeks; it hurt him to see anyone else so used. He glanced about the room, and noticed that many of the girls were whispering together in hushed voices, with furtive eyes, while they rearranged various cases and cabinets which had come in for Madame's displeasure upon her return. Seeing that she did not seem disposed to speak to him, he at last turned with a sigh, and took the five boxes under his arm. Maud was following him out of the room, when Madame suddenly looked up and called her back.

"Come here! Sit down, while I give you some work to do. You've been lazing around this house long enough. Time you were learning how to do something. Here; gather this ruffle for me and see that you take very small stitches, or you'll do it over." Jasper was not pleased with the prospect, and turned back to protest, while Maud meekly took the strip of silk and the needle Madame handed her, and began the work.

"Cynthy, she has her lessons to prepare and her music to practice, you know. Don't keep her too long." He would have preferred to take her along, as he often did, but from the determined look on his wife's face, he felt it would not do to propose taking her. So, as Madame did not reply, he walked off. Maud stole sundry glances at her face, and mentally resolved to do so well that she would disarm Madame's bad mood. When the ruffle was finished, she handed it to her, and anxiously awaited the verdict. The lady's face relaxed ever so little, though the frown still remained, and it seemed she never would raise her eyes. A slight flush, too, was rising on her cheek.

"Where did you learn to ruffle like that?" she asked at last.

"Oh, I used often to help Mamma sew at home."

"Did your mamma sew for a living?" she suddenly asked.

"No ma'am; she took in washing. But she did sewing whenever she could get it, and I used to help her."

"Where did you live before you came to this city?" Madame seemed to have forgotten her ill humor of a few moments before; it was the first time she had ever had Maud to herself.

"Well, we came here when I was seven. Before that we lived awhile at Dubuque, Iowa, and Wichita, Kansas, and I remember mother speaking of Mansfield, Ohio, but I suppose I was so small then that I remember nothing of it." Madame's face wore a shrewd, interested look, the while she busily prepared another piece of work for Maud.

"Here now; let's see how neatly you can hem this edge. In which of those cities were you born?"

"Why, I don't think it was any of those. Mother told me once, but I can't seem to recall what it was. But I think Daddy Valens knows; Mother told him all about me before she died."

Immediately Madame's eyes lit up with suspicion.

"What did she tell him?" she said hurriedly, meanwhile noting with a queer, secret satisfaction the deft way Maud handled the needle and the piece of silk she was stitching.

"That I do not know; I was out of the room when they spoke together."

"Did your mother ever speak of any property you were to inherit?" Immediately the words were out, Madame was sorry she had uttered them. But Maud noticed nothing; she was deeply intent upon her hemming, rather pleased that Madame's bad mood had passed off.

"Why, no; I don't think there was any to inherit. If there was, she would surely have told me about it." Madame wished she had more time to peruse the sealed envelope; she felt vexed all over again with Jasper for coming into the room just when he had.

"It would be rather nice to come into some property, wouldn't it?" asked Madame, pleasantly, eyeing the girls at the cabinets, to see if they were carrying out her directions.

"Yes; but I don't feel the need of it. I am quite satisfied just as I am. I am so very happy here, Madame, with you and Daddy Valens." Having finished the hem, Maud handed the piece to Madame, who examined it with satisfaction. It was evident the latter felt some secret pride in the work.

"You seem to have a talent for sewing; I never saw a little girl sew so well or so neatly at your age." Maud flushed with pleasure; it was the first time she had ever heard a word of praise from the cold, reserved woman. "I think I will let you go now to practice your music and do your lessons; but mind, I want you in here every day for a half hour after school. I must develop this remarkable talent of yours. It may come in handy some day." Just then, an unearthly howl rent the air, and everybody stopped work to look with alarm at each other.

"What can it be?" asked everyone. Madame remained kneeling before the wax figure in a listening attitude, and was about to resume her drapping when "Ow—w—w" went the long-drawn howl again.

"It's Pom! I know his voice!" cried Maud, leaping up and now knowing in which direction to run. "He's in trouble somewhere, Madame. Let's hunt for him." So the two of them hunted in every imaginable corner, but could not locate the ever-recurring howl of distress.

"Poor little Pom Pom!" said Maud, tears gathering in her eyes. "I hope he isn't in pain or anything. I can't bear to hear animals cry out in pain. Where shall we look next, Madame?"

"Well, he isn't upstairs here. The cry seems down below somewhere. We'll have to look in the cellar." So to the cellar they went, searching behind barrels and boxes and on the woodpile, and in the fruit cellar. "There is only one more place left, and that is the coal bin. If he isn't in there, then he must have fallen down some hole and can't get out."

"Oh!" said Maud, shuddering. "I hope not." Then Madame opened the coal bin door, and—Pom Pom flew out wild with joy, jumping up and pawing both his deliverers with his grimy feet. He was dirty and dragged, and his paws and nose and the front of his breast, once white, were all hopelessly black.

"Down! Get down!" cried Madame, backing up and fearing he would soil her gown. Pom, who was a sensible little dog, obeyed at once and sat back on his haunches, wondering, no doubt, why his mistress wasn't as wild about seeing him as he was about her.

"Oh, may I bathe him down here in one of the stationary tubs, Madame?" asked Maud eagerly.

"Yes, child," replied Madame more kindly than she had ever spoken to Maud. "But put on a big apron first, so you won't get suds all over yourself."

When Jasper returned home from his delivering, Maud was industriously working on her sums.

"Have you practiced your music, my dear?" he asked, kissing her cheek as he bent over her.

"Yes, Daddy Valens, and," she lowered her voice, "do you know, I believe Madame is beginning to love me. She was so kind to me while you were gone—and—we've found Pom Pom! Aren't you glad?"

"Where was he?"

"Down the cellar in the coal bin." Madame walked in.

"Yes, and how did he come into the coal bin? Do you know, Jasper Valens? A fine way you take care of him while I am gone!"

"Oh, Madame," put in Maud, anxious to shield Jasper, "I think it must have been the laundress. Pom probably slipped in there while she was firing up, and she closed the door on him without knowing it."

"And I put an 'ad' in the paper!" said Jasper.

"You might have waited and not been so hasty," replied Madame, with her usual unreasonableness. "And where were you when I wanted you to come for me at the hospital? On one of your silly charitable expeditions I suppose?" Jasper bowed. What better reply could he give?

"Exactly. You've guessed it right, but you know I'd have been there on the dot had I known. I'm so sorry you had to go home alone."

"Sorry doesn't help matters. But I feel tired. I wish I had a cup of tea." And she threw herself into a chair and closed her eyes. At once Jasper was at her side.

"There now, what did I tell you about going to work in the Salon so soon? You need rest for a few days. You'd better lie down on the couch there, and I'll go and make the tea for you. And you will stay here for the rest of the evening. Annie will take care of everything." Madame was glad to do as she was bidden, and as she watched Jasper's kindly, wrinkled face, as he bustled about, doing things for her comfort, an overpowering feeling of something very like affection came over her, and she longed to pour out her heart to him and receive his comforting words in return. But it was only a momentary weakness; the next minute she was her old petulant self, ungrateful and unreasonable.

"Paugh!" she cried, after tasting the tea. "You've made it too strong. Take it away! No, I don't want hot water added. Take it away and make some other, and—*use only half the amount of tea leaves!*" When he had brought a new potful, pouring it with patient hand, she began anew.

"And understand, next month I want the rent in the Penn Street house raised to one hundred dollars! I can't be losing money that way. If they don't like it, they can move!" Jasper was appalled.

"But Cynthia, isn't— isn't that rather hasty? What will they think? You can't act like that."

"I said, if they don't like it, they can move!" Dismay was spreading over his heart like a chilling fog. What would he tell the good nuns?

"But, Cynthia, you could let them go on for, say, six months at least, before raising. No one raises rents suddenly like that. Besides, I am afraid they are not able to pay more."

"Are not able! What do you think I am conducting, a charity tenement? If they're not able, they should take something smaller. What is it to me, whether they are able? If you don't raise them, I will!" Jasper was at his wit's end. What would the nuns think of him?

"Cynthia, listen to me; don't you think it is better to receive seventy-five, coming in steady, than to have it vacant for, no one knows, how many months, if you ask a hundred? You've had it vacant for eight months; no one wanted to pay a hundred. I doubt if you will ever get it. Even your real estate agent couldn't get it. And the place was in terrible shape. I had to have it cleaned and scrubbed from cellar to attic. No one would have lived in it in the condition it was in." Madame looked at him curiously.

"Well, what have you done now? Run up a nice bill for me? I can tell you, if that's what you did, you may kindly pay it yourself. I said, no repairs or other expenses. Isn't seventy-five dollars enough, without adding some more losses?"

"My dear! I had no intention of making you pay it.

But I felt, considering the refinement of the ladies who are taking it, it was only just and proper." Madame made a face.

"My!" Who can they be, that you take such pains for them? Descendants of aristocracy, perhaps? Ladies, you say? No husbands or anything?"

"Ah, er—no. They are unmarried." Again Madame made a face.

"I see; a couple of old maids intending to run a boarding house. Well, depend upon it, if they are decayed aristocracy trying to make a living with a boarding house, the place will look worse than before you had it cleaned. It was wasted money. Such women don't know how to work."

"But, on the contrary, these do. They are known to be immaculate housekeepers." Jasper was praying inwardly for apt answers and that Madame might change her mind about raising the rent. He must shield the nuns at all costs.

"Then you've had references from them?" was her next question.

"The best references in the world!" he replied heartily.

"Well—" she considered a moment, "I'll let the matter of the rent rest for awhile, if they are as wonderful as you say. But I ought to know better than to depend on your word. Men are such donkeys; any clever-spoken woman can take them in."

It was with a prayer of thanks and a sigh of happiness that Jasper closed his eyes that night. The nuns were safe for the present. Next day he was off on his furniture-gathering expedition again; it seemed people had many things stored away which they never expected to use again, and were most glad to give them. Some even gave clothing, upon hearing it was for an orphanage. He obtained the beds, a motley assortment of them—iron, tarnished brass, walnut, battered mahogany, low ones, high ones, single, double, cots, some canvas, some with rusty spring, etc. When they were ranged in a row up in the dormitory, Joe and Jasper having set them all up for the nuns, they could not help laughing; they looked so like a row of derelicts.

"Looks like a room of hoboes," said Joe.

"Yes; they are about as forsaken-looking as the poor children they will shelter," replied Jasper.

"Oh, but we will have them transformed in a week or so," said Sister Elsa Marie brightly. "If you know of a carpenter, Mr. Valens, I wish you would send him up, please. I will have them all cut down to uniform size, and enamelled white; then they won't look so badly."

"I'm kinda handy with a saw, Sister. I do all the fixin' 'round the house, 'n maybe I could saw off them beds for you. I wouldn't charge you much neither, bein' it's a orphanage."

"Very well, sir; when could you begin?"

"Well, Mr. Valens here wants me to-morrow yet, don't you, Valens?"

"Yes, and maybe the day after too—that is, if you can wait, Sister?"

"Oh, yes; we probably won't have any children here

for two or three weeks. Mr. Valens, you will have to scout them up for us. You are well acquainted with the district, aren't you?" Jasper's face lit up.

"Very well indeed; I don't think I'll have much trouble finding them either. This institution will fill a long-felt want."

"All right then, Sister," said Joe. "I'll be here as soon as Mr. Valens is finished with me." As they were coming out of the front door, someone hailed them. It was Mrs. Murphy, and she was crossing the street.

"Says, Mr. Valens, didn't I tell you to stop at my house for that furniture? When are you comin'?" Jasper had not liked the idea of taking the poor woman's furniture, and had been putting off the call. But she was so insistent, that he was obliged to promise he would come on the following afternoon. She gave him a dresser, two chairs, and a half dozen cheap drinking glasses she had evidently bought for the purpose. It was the most she was able to give, poor soul, but in God's eyes, we know it had as much value as a gift of thousands from some millionaire who would never notice their absence.

Jasper glanced hastily around the scrupulously clean bedroom, with its old-fashioned pieces, and felt sure she was ill able to spare the dresser, although she insisted she had another in "Maggie and Nellie's room." There was only one thing to do, he decided. He let two or three days go by, and then, one afternoon, the last of their "hunting expedition," he had Joe stop at a furniture store. He was not particularly high in funds just then himself, having paid off another instalment of the hospital bill, and agreed to pay the moving man \$3.00 a load, which the latter did cheaply, "being it was for the Sisters." This made \$15.00 he had to pay for five days' hauling, so he hadn't much to spend for furniture.

However, he argued, the next day was Saturday, when he would receive his wages from the two firms he worked for. He would pay down a deposit to-day, have the furniture delivered, and agree to pay the balance next day. He thought this all out as he lay awake evenings upon retiring, his head so full of pleasant thoughts of the work he had been doing for the Sisters, that it was long before sleep came to him. So he had several plain, but neat oak pieces sent to Mrs. Murphy's home, and chuckled to himself at the thought of her surprise and bewilderment when it would arrive.

Then, with a heart full of secret happiness, he hurried home. Madame crossed the Salon with stately dignity, a letter in her hand.

"I opened this by mistake," she said coldly. "What does it mean?" Wonderingly Jasper took the missive from her, opened it and read:

"Dere Sir:—

I here you are opening a orphanage. Kindly rite me at once were it is located. What street I meen. My sisters child Tenny Alden is a orphan her mother dyd two weeks ago, I wont to bring her to your orphanage. I can't keep her I have five of my own and my hus-

band out of work. Pleas call are rife at once.

Yours respectively,

Mary I. Smith

510 First Str."

Jasper scratched his head. He did not know the woman; how did she learn of the orphanage. And meantime, Madame was standing, waiting cold as a statue, for his reply.

(To be continued)

Laugh

When you laugh, let it be from the heart—spontaneous, like a child's care-free laughter. Of course some of us—very many of us, may not be care-free; there may be heavy loads on our hearts, poignant pains shooting through us at the remembrance of various things that have happened. All the more need for us to laugh, to forget for the moment and cause of our griefs and sorrows, to shake out the dregs of hatred and anger and pain and long-cherished grudges from those secret corners of our "inner man," which serve only to make life a misery and a burden to us.

What is life? Only a stream flowing swiftly toward the ocean of Eternity. Why then hold grudges, or indulge in long griefs, or force an aching heart to remain solemn, when a good laugh would disperse half the dark clouds hanging over us? Why grieve—God holds our beloved departed ones in His own gentle hands; we will see them ere long. To grieve too much is almost an acknowledgment of unbelief—an insult flung into the face of the Almighty. Why hold a grudge? Soon we will all return to the dust from which we are made, and then, what difference will it make what Jack, Joe, or Ed did to you? "Life is too short to hold a grudge," might be a good motto for some people, who cannot forget their wounded self-love.

Might we not take the Little Flower as a good example? She was always smiling in the midst of her pain. To be small, little, like a child—ah yes, to slip from beneath the ache, the pain, to leave the grisly thing standing alone in some dark cranny, while we run out into the bright sunshine and laugh. To smile up bravely at God and tell Him, "It is nothing, Lord; I can bear it. You've borne more than that for me." That was her sweet philosophy; to become as a little child—to be care-free—to laugh ever. "Amen, I say unto you, unless you become as one of these, you shall not enter the kingdom of Heaven."

Household Hints

Never throw away old bread; dry thoroughly and store for grinding up when making breaded meats and croquettes. The whole pieces stay fresher than if stored in crumb form. Or dip slices in egg and milk, salted, and fry. Or cut in cubes and toast, for soup. Or use for bread pudding.

Never allow grease to settle upon rubber articles; it makes them rot.

Time will be saved in washing, if the same kinds of clothes and linens are kept together. Then when gath-

ering, the various kinds may be folded together, such as towels, pillow slips, handkerchiefs, etc., which makes for speed when ironing.

Never leave anything of rubber lie near silverware. It tarnishes the silver.

Try boiling two or three pieces of star anise with the prunes for flavor; two or three slices of lemon in the prunes or in the apple sauce are delightful variations too.

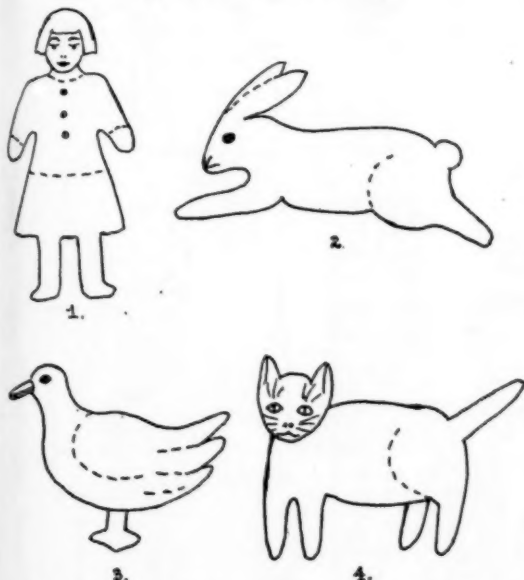
Wipe leather articles with oil once a month to prevent decay.

Recipes

BAKED SALMON: Wash and dry a piece of salmon about two inches thick. Lay on a buttered baking dish, sprinkle with salt and pepper, a few drops of lemon and onion juice, a little parsley cut up fine, and dot generously with butter. Place in oven and keep covered until heated through, then lower fire and bake uncovered, basting often. When done, place on platter, pour over a good caper sauce, and garnish with fresh watercress. Serve baked potatoes and baked tomatoes with it.

BREAKFAST MARMALADE: Take an orange, a grapefruit and a lemon and slice thin. Add $3\frac{1}{2}$ quarts of water, boil 15 minutes, and let stand over night. Next morning boil 10 minutes and let stand over night again. This will bring out the pectin. Next day, add five pounds of sugar, dissolve thoroughly and bring to a boil. Keep boiling quite briskly for twenty minutes, or until it jells. Strain and pour into glasses.

Needlework Design



By this time Bobbie's and Susie's toys will be a little the worse for wear, as doubtless they will have been subjected to intensive use since Christmas, and even if

they are not badly worn out, mother might like to add a piece or two to their treasures—a rag doll for Susie, or a bath-towel cat for Bobbie, if he is still quite a toddler, and appreciates such things. Or Aunt Mary might like to surprise them at Easter time with a duck and a rabbit, made of bath-towel material, or oilcloth, or white outing flannel. The doll may be made of checked gingham, with white cloth head, and outlines of hair and features stitched on, the rabbit of bath towel, outing, or white oilcloth, the duck of yellow oilcloth, and the cat in black oilcloth—or either of the other two materials. The doll may be of pale blue oilcloth with white oilcloth head, and so on, ad infinitum. Both front and back are cut out alike, sewed together, and stuffed with cotton. Use buttons for eyes. Bath towel and outing may be turned inside out, but the oilcloth will have to be whipped together from the outside, and then taped. Patterns, 10¢ each. Order by number. Address CLARE HAMPTON, 3318 Virginia Ave., St. Louis, Missouri.

How to Order Patterns

Write your name and address plainly on any piece of paper being sure to state number and size of pattern you want. Enclose 15¢ in stamps or coin (wrap coin carefully) for each pattern ordered. Send your order to THE GRAIL FASHION DEPARTMENT. Our patterns are furnished especially for us by the leading fashion designers of New York City. Every pattern is seam allowing and guaranteed to fit perfectly. (Unless your order specifies number of pattern and size desired, your order will receive no attention.)

Our pattern Book contains hundreds of styles—styles for morning, afternoon and evening, and nine picture dressmaking lessons. You just glance at the pictures and see how the styles are made. Nothing could be more simple. Any beginner can make an attractive dress with the help of these picture lessons. With this Book, you can save money on your own and your children's clothes. Address THE GRAIL FASHION DEPARTMENT, St. Meinrad, Indiana.

To order any pattern illustrated send 15 cents to our Fashion Department. Be sure to state number and size and write your name and address plainly. Our patterns are made by the leading fashion designers of New York City. When you order your pattern, enclose 10 cents extra and our large new Fashion and Dressmaking Book will be sent to you. It contains hundreds of styles, picture dressmaking lessons, embroidery designs, etc.

No. 2968—Suitable For Stout Figures. The pattern cuts in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3 yards of 40-inch material with $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 27-inch contrasting.

No. 2964—Semi-Sports Dress. The pattern cuts in sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material.

No. 2970—Youthful Sports Dress. The pattern cuts in sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material.

No. 2974—One-Piece Dress. The pattern cuts in sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material with $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 64-inch contrasting.

No. 2963—Side Drapery. The pattern cuts in sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material.

No. 2982—Bolero Frock. The pattern cuts in sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material with $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 36-inch contrasting.

No. 2980—Box-Plaited Dress. The pattern cuts in sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch light georgette with $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch dark georgette.

No. 2965—Semi-Sports Dress. The pattern cuts in sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material with $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 32-inch contrasting.

No. 2973—Two-Piece Dress. The pattern cuts in sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material with $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 27-inch material for camisole.

No. 2562—Junior Frock. The pattern cuts in sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 2 yards of 40-inch material.

No. 2577—Tailored Junior Dress. The pattern cuts in sizes 8, 10, 12, 14 and 16 years. Size 8 requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material.

No. 2932—Youthful Apron Design. The pattern cuts in sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material.

No. 2010—Boys' Blouse. The pattern cuts in sizes 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 8 requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material.

No. 2904—One-Piece Dress. The pattern cuts in sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 2 yards of 40-inch material.

